





# POEMS

## by Emily Dickinson

Edition by Teresa Pelka

Verified against manuscript and print resources  
piece by piece, organized into thematic stanzas,  
with an introduction on the poet's inspiration  
with Greek and Latin, her correlative with  
Webster 1828, and the Aristotelian motif: *Things  
perpetual — these are not in time, but in eternity.*

*The world has always appeared to me perpetual; it is  
better to believe it without beginning or end.*

Thomas Taylor

*There always is the simple question: do we believe Emily  
Dickinson tried to tell about very exceptional Bees,  
Ears, or Birds, so peculiar that you write them  
with capital letters?* Introduction

2019

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E-Book ISBN 9780359603572

Hard cover ISBN 9780359372218

Soft cover ISBN 9781987041521

The books can be found online by the ISBN.

The first print selected verses, along with some by Carl Sandburg, are semantic field exercise in part four of the *Travel in Grammar*. Feel welcome,  
**travelinggrammar.com**

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# INTRODUCTION

## PRINT SO FAR

**E**MILY Dickinson's *Poems* were first printed in year 1890. Around 400 copies sold within months, which was really a success those times, and further prints were done. Thomas Wentworth Higginson and Mabel Loomis Todd prepared the print from notes. In their edition, mostly the shape of the stanza might cause reservations, but book sales proved the poetry was appreciated favorably.

Views changed in 1955, when Thomas Herbert Johnson published *The Poems of Emily Dickinson*. He elaborated on manuscripts that Harvard University received in 1950, as a gift from Gilbert H. Montague.<sup>1</sup> In 1956, Amherst College was given a collection by Millicent Todd Bingham.

It was with regard to Johnson's print that opinion came, on an "extensive" or even "pervasive" manner for dashes, "unconventional" or "unexpected" use of capital letters, or summarily an "idiosyncratic poetic practice" by Ms. Dickinson.<sup>2</sup>

The poet, as well as her readers, would know proper spelling and punctuation, even if only simply aware of the founding texts, the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, or the Bill of Rights.

In the Declaration, John Dunlap's peculiarity would have been in his use of capital letters for all nouns, forms deriving from nouns, and phrases of nominal reference, as "to Publish and Declare" — yet he did that according to quite a prevalent and known printing style of the time.

Outside the style, we may have capital letters to specify on terms. John Carter capitalized the Constitution as that of the United States. For particular States, he printed the word "constitution" with a small letter.

Emily Dickinson certainly did not mean her poetry for just a joke, though her poems show a sense of humor as well. Thomas Wentworth Higginson and Mabel Loomis Todd were cognizant of the poet in person. They knew how she made notes, or drafted

poems, and what a clean copy was to look — according to her own resolves. Their edition does not have “idiosyncrasies”. Those occurred with Johnson’s print, year 1955.

Most of the pieces never were finalized by the poet for print, and all formats today are editions that compare somewhere between the first draft and the Declaration of Independence as published, in text refinement. There always is a simple question: do we believe Emily Dickinson tried to tell about Bees, Ears, or Birds so extraordinary, that you write them with capital letters?

*Babbles the **B**ee in a stolid **E**ar,*

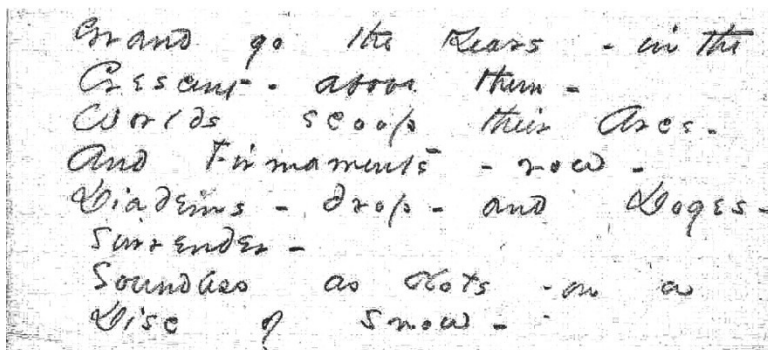
*Pipe the **S**weet **B**irds in ignorant cadence —*

*(Safe in Their Alabaster Chambers, Johnson’s edition; the big letters do not occur in the *Republican* of 1862, when the poet lived).*

Over the Internet,<sup>3</sup> we can have a glimpse at sample F124C, a draft of *Safe in Their Alabaster Chambers* from Houghton, one of Harvard University libraries. It is handwritten in pencil. If



Emily Dickinson used such big letters, there had to be a reason. Image contrast is enhanced.



Houghton sample F124C.

The habit of the hand has a “non-print character”, **e**: we can find it only in manuscripts. To compare the *Diadems*, *Doges*, *Surrender*, and *Firmaments* along with *soundless*, we might think about word stress and vowel length.

With shapes as *entirely*, *me*, and *resurrections*, in the handwritten *Renunciation* as published by Little, Brown and Company in 1891, and the *Eden* of the *Wild Nights* (Houghton, sample number 269 by Franklin), we may think about vowel quality, low or high, in some general contour.

EMILY DICKINSON'S POEMS.  
 Edited by two of her friends, Mabel Loomis  
 Todd and T. W. Higginson.  
 FIRST AND SECOND SERIES. 64mo, cloth,  
 price of each, \$1.25; white and green  
 cloth, full gilt, price of each, \$1.50.  
 The above two volumes in one, full gilt,  
 price, \$2.00.  
 THIRD SERIES. Edited by Mabel Loomis  
 Todd, \$1.25. White and green, \$1.50.  
 LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY,  
 Boston.

Fac-simile of "Renunciation," by Emily Dickinson.  
 PRINTED IN THE FIRST VOLUME OF HER POEMS.

There came a Ray -  
 At Summer's full.  
 Entering in me  
 I thought that such  
 was in the Saints -  
 When Renunciation is -  
 The Sun - as common

Rising in Eden -  
 At the Sea!  
 Night - 'out - Dawn -  
 Night -  
 In the:

In vowel chart mid position, between front and back, as well as low and high vowels, there is a speech sound central quality. Some phonetic scripts may interpret this mid for the *shwa*.

The handwritten  $\epsilon$  is as the Greek epsilon. We can see it is not to represent the *shwa*, but it can be a mark for vowel length and height, in relation to the central quality. It is as a precursor shape, with modern phonetic scripts.

Might there be a connection between the epsilon and manuscript big letters? Let us consider a fragment of the poem *Success* as edited by Johnson.

*Not one of all the purple **H**ost*

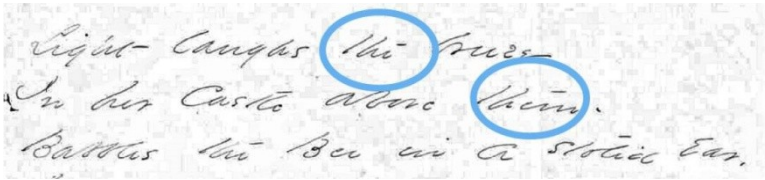
*Who took the **F**lag today...*

To think about someone who likes to talk verses, he or she would put more emphasis on words as *host* and *flag*, to tell you the poem. This emphasis is not for the most important words. It is *the prosodic stress*.

It is possible that Emily Dickinson shared her markup for intonation and rhythm with her friends. Poets yet never have marked prosody for publication: you do not do it for the general reader; you do it for your vowels. In proximity with prosodic emphasis, unstressed vowels become the shortest, which matters in the poetic meter — this can be the connection between the big letters and the epsilon.

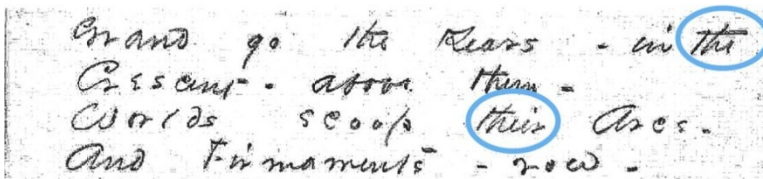
Before we analyze the manner of writing any further, let us think if we have genuine sam-

ples. To regard copy physical qualities, we may focus on Houghton F124B. We can examine a handwritten feature, the digraph TH in the *Alabaster Chambers*, to compare Houghton F67B.



Houghton F124B.

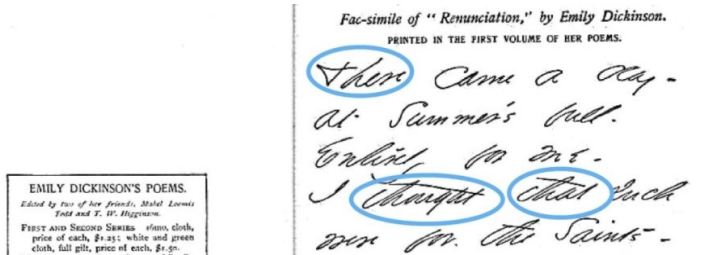
F124B was accepted by both Johnson and Franklin, and the habit of the hand does not have the characteristic T we can see in F124C. Except adolescence, and senility only sometimes, handwriting hardly would just change.



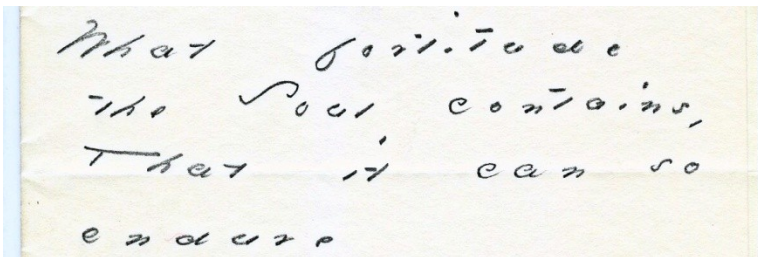
Houghton F124C.

F124B looks closer to a fair copy than F124C, and Emily Dickinson's letter shape T would have grown

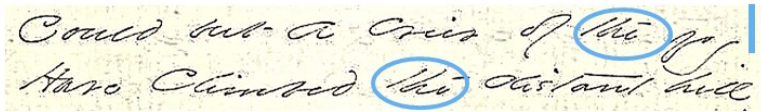
bigger — and not smaller — along with her finalization of text. We can recur to the Little and Brown *Renunciation*, for the words *there*, *thought*, or *that*. The handwriting here is not as casual as in F124C.



Theories on Emily Dickinson's worsening eyesight fail with an important regard: the writing characters in F124B are not enlarged, or separated. Samples as P90-39, the *Suspense*, might substantiate doubt on the writer's visual acuity, provided the quality here did not arise with another determinant, and that might have been an extremely short pencil, too. For all Ts, the stem and the bar yet do come together, the bar to wander to the left of the stem.



Persons of regular vision happen to experience hindrance in own handwritten style. An alternate character T, bar shifted to the right, yet surfaces with a smooth flow of ink, also in sample F67B.



Houghton F67B, as well as F67A, are copies of the poem *Too Late*. They show the text re-written almost consistently with the print by Higginson and Todd. Houghton copy F67A differs in two words, *joy* and *remaining*; Houghton F67B in one word, *joy*, and the word is the only one not to rhyme.

*Delayed till she had ceased to **know**,*  
*Delayed till in its vest of **snow***  
*Her loving bosom **lay**.*  
*An hour behind the fleeting **breath**,*  
*Later by just an hour than **death**, —*  
*Oh, lagging **yesterday**!*

*Could she have guessed that it would **be**;  
Could but a crier of the JOY (first print: **glee**)  
Have climbed the distant **hill**;  
Had not the bliss so slow a **pace**, —  
Who knows, but this surrendered **face**  
Were undefeated **still**?*

It is hard to believe the author would have re-written the poem entire (a few times!) with just one odd word, and in a different hand — to send it to friends? More, Johnson's *joy* in the place of *glee* would hint that a "loving" person could enjoy the "loved" one dying (hence the quotation marks), and the poem, though ironic, does not show such prejudice or error in use of words.

The first print *glee* does not only rhyme: "glee and glory", the song and fame theme of Anglo-Saxon legends, merely has become less familiar to the reading public today.

The verses may suggest prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, whose marriage with queen Victoria was surrounded with propaganda

of family tremendous happiness, questioned in the queen's times and later. Present day, we can read the historian doubt by Jane Ridley, via BBC News.<sup>4</sup> It was during queen Victoria's "domestic bliss" there came another tension between the United States and Britain, in the Trent Affair. Prince Albert died in December.

Language work may favor markup, it yet would never look as in the Houghton copies, text rewritten with one word obviously to stand out: a person of standard linguistic aptitude would have had no difficulty to find a synonym or rhyme.

Emily Dickinson was above standard, in her language skill. We may consider the *Bequest*: with regard to vowel reduction, natural in English, the *Bequest* will give two stanzas of 8 and 5 lengths. Classic or ancient canons allowed to "sum up" vowel length. A short vowel might make one length, a long one — two, not only in elegiac verse.



The poet used her epsilon strictly in places for the letter shape “e”. We can use an inverted lunate, ə, deriving it from the shape *be* (𐤁) in Phoenician, a popular merchant script of the ancient Mediterranean. We do not claim insight into the poet’s mind; we come up with a symbol to relate vowel length generally and the central mid.

There was no vowel reduction in the classics, but we can think about own way, to consider prosody for English as a natural language. The boldface is to highlight the prosodic stress, the chevron or hat ^ to mark the vowels that would be the shortest, in proximity with prosodically prominent positions. We can have them for half-lengths.

8 You left me sweet, **two** le\_gə\_cies, —

5 A le\_ˆgə\_cy ˆəf **love**

8 A **Hea\_**ˆvən\_ly **Fa\_**ˆthər would con\_tent,

5 Had He ˆthə **of\_**ˆfər of;

8 You left me **ba^und\_**ˆdə\_rēz of pain

5 ˆCə\_**pa\_**ˆciəs as the sea,

8 Be\_tween e\_tər\_nī\_ty and **time**,

5 Your **con**^sciəs\_^nəss and **me**.

In the word “boundaries”, the diphthong does not make two vowels, and it can “add up” with the adjacent short length ^ə. As noted before, we can think about someone who simply likes to talk verses, and not necessarily about pompous presentations for rhymed lines.

Let us now view the “capital letters” in Houghton sample P90-28: the preceding boldface prosodic highlight for the *Bequest* converges considerably; we do not get prosody marked in print because spoken expression is always, however to an extent — individual.

Run Left Me - Sir - the *Bequest* -  
A *Bequest* of *Love*  
A *Bequest* of *Love* *Bequest*  
Had He the *Bequest* -  
Run Left Me *Boundaries*  
of *Pain* -  
*Capacities* as the *Sea* -  
*Boundaries* *Boundaries* and *Venice* -  
Run *Consciousness* - and *Me* -  
\* *Smell* \* *Content* -

P90-28 differs from Higginson-Todd in wording: most copies today would present versions never prepared for publication, whereas a special Bee or Ear cannot provide for poetic appeal. Johnson's overuse of the dash also does not serve the skill well: and how do we even say the clipped 't?

*A precious — mouldering pleasure — 't is —*

*To meet an Antique Book —*

*In just the Dress his Century wore —*

*A privilege — I think —*

*His venerable Hand to take —*

*And warming in our own —*

*A passage back — or two — to make —*


*To Times when he — was young — (In a Library).*

Authors for Amherst College say that recovery of the manner the poet worked on language is rather impossible: there is not enough original material.

*It is impossible for any transcription of these fragments to capture the important details of how Dickinson originally laid out her poetry on the page.<sup>5</sup>*

We need to re-evaluate the fascicles. The letter shape T might prove too narrow an assay, in appreciation of the written samples. Our criterion may include the epsilon, predicate structure, vowel contour, phonemics, person reference in abstract thought, and altogether stylistic coherence.

Not to evolve into a manual for written forgery, let us only try to realize what we would need to approve of, to disregard a criterion the letter shape T is part. We may use a “sample” for Emily Dickinson’s handwritten style, the marker to have run dry: the “sample” is not to cheat; it is to encourage open minds. *Hear — I have never met this Teresa, Emily.*

A handwritten sample of the text "Hear - I have never met this Teresa - Emily" in cursive script. The text is written in a fluid, slanted cursive style with some ink bleed-through visible. The word "Hear" is at the top left, followed by "I have never met" on the next line, "this Teresa -" on the third line, and "Emily" on the fourth line.

There was no way for markers to run dry in Emily Dickinson’s times, as there were no markers. In

everyday life, people yet had two important practices: for books to make notes or to copy manually.

Copybooks were for learners to reproduce written examples. The books might as well be “manufactured” at home, a person able to write to provide a pattern for a child, or a person hard of writing. Following someone’s handwritten style was much more usual those times than it is today.

More, the practice was not new or limited to America. The Philadelphia-published periodical *Port folio*, volume XVI of 1823, laid out the recommendation for British youths:

*The youth should begin to write at a very early age; for the well known reason, that the more early any mechanical operation is begun, the greater dexterity is generally acquired. Till a very considerable improvement has been made, he should be taught to imitate, **not the engraved models** too often employed, **but manuscript copies** at the head of his page.*<sup>6</sup>

Paper notebooks were sewn for household accountancy, as well as family or personal learning.

Most people knew how to make them, pages usually numbered: the numbers can show if any content might have been lost. Only a few of the manuscripts for Emily Dickinson's poetry would have anything like a page number. With a quantity as more than fifteen hundred pieces, in Johnson's as well as Franklin's calculations, it would be natural to have a record where all pages are numbered.

Someone might say, poems are easy to rearrange as loose sheets of paper, for volume beginning or end. Poetry may seem abstract; let us think about recipes. How many people would we have today, to note recipes in a personal book and say you need to follow the page number order to use them? Numbered pages allow other markup for content arrangement; and well, you can have a few books for types of content, if you like.

The fascicles have mostly the poems *Dickinson took pains to copy carefully onto folded sheets and gather*

*with string*, say the Harvard on the previously referred web page, and the Amherst agree that most pieces are of re-written shapes.

Emily Dickinson would have been the person to have “taken the pains” of rewriting, yet never to have cared to make a regular book and number the pages.

For personal keeping, the rewriting shows strangely hurried. The author herself would have “swapped” words in lines (*The Great Storm Is Over*):  
*Then a **softness** suffuses the **story**,*  
*And a **silence** the teller’s **eye**...*

Softness and silence become returned to their places with markup (Life V, sample F685). My Google Drive has the samples arranged according to the first print, for ease of comparison. See the *Resource* for the poetry at **teresapelka.com**.

In the *Library* (Life X, sample P90-10), the author herself would have rewritten the piece with repetitive phrasing, absent from the first print, though it does not tackle even stanza breaks:

*On themes concern our mutual mind,  
The literature **of man** —*

*What interested scholars most,  
What competitions ran  
When Plato was a certainty,  
And Sophocles **a man**.*

(The *Chrysalis* verb agreement is untouched, too.)

*Safe in Their Alabaster Chambers* would have the same, oddly “mechanical” error, let us compare samples F124 A-D:

*Light laughs the breeze in her castle **above them**...*

The stanza to follow right next begins as

*Grand go the years in the crescent **above them**...*

School copybook practice might have been even completely mechanical, yet rewriting own content has always been and will remain different, to a human being employing own handwritten style and semantics.

Here, the author would have rewritten a piece with a suggestion for improvement, but with-



out improving it, and in content where keeping the previous form looks unnecessary — unless we would be to reflect on a lexemic correlation between poems, for which the example in J621 does not make anything much of the case:

*I asked no other thing*

*No other was denied*

*I offered Being for it;*

*The mighty merchant **sneered+***

Down the page, the plus symbol is rewritten, with the suggestion, **+smiled**.

Without any suggestion for improvement, *If You Were Coming in the Fall* might give even a comic effect, yet only if to believe the author herself was unaware of lack of rhyme as combined with lack of reference in context (Love VI, sample J511):

*If I could see you in a year,*

*I'd wind the months in **balls** —*

*And put them each in separate Drawers,*

*For fear the numbers **fuse** —*

Higginson and Todd did not surmise such poetic nescience, or the piece is not the first or only to let think they had other, better copies.

*If I could see you in a year,  
I'd wind the months in balls,  
And put them each in separate drawers,  
Until their time befalls.*

Electricity did not much belong with their lives then — Johnson dated the poem for year 1862. In Boston, the first electric streetcar started up in 1888. In the USA entire, the first to market electricity was the California Electric Company in 1879, within own system for San Francisco. Their commercial generators began work in 1880. The early high voltage weighed about 10 dollars per lamp dusk to dawn, mostly against city coffers. In New York, Thomas Edison opened his public electric supply in 1882, direct current.

There is no record for electricity having been installed in the Amherst household within the poet's lifespan (she died in 1886), and Emily

Dickinson Museum exhibits her room with a fuel lamp. Poem components as *housewives* or *drawers* suggest a home; J511 would have extrapolation of no evidence in Emily Dickinson's style, hence my following Higginson and Todd.

It remains the objective reality that fascicles of no page number allow insertion. We would need to ignore this and try — well, visually a kind of carpet for hanging on a wall, and acoustically a thud, as poetic imagery for a woman (F332A):

*Sift her, from Brow to Barefoot!*

*Strain till your last Surmise —*

***Drop, like a Tapestry, away...***

(*Surrender*, Love V). To oppose would have been “frivolous” of the man: an idea much unlike Emily Dickinson in the *Apotheosis*. More, the first print piece does not tell about a man, please see the analysis on page 219.

Fascicle distribution of the epsilon may occasion doubt, too. Different from any of the

poet's imagery as well, *The Wind* (sample F334A) would expand on a figure-of-speech hand as bodily dust, to spell the word shape "beyond" with the epsilon and then without it, in two consecutive lines.

*Inheritance, it is, to us —*

*Beyond the Art to Earn —*

*Beyond the trait to take away...*

Prosodic marking would be acquiring the looks of "directions for use", and the lines are plain 8-by-6 in vowel value.

Suspicion may grow, if we compare the *Port folio*, page 302:

*In public schools, it is probably supposed that he (...) who is destined for a liberal profession, may obtain sufficient skill in the mechanical operations of writing and arithmetic, either before the age the youth are usually admitted into those schools, or by employing the **holidays** and **vacations** in these secondary and auxiliary studies.*

The questioned fascicle fragment, having alluded to money with the “Art to Earn”, ends as follows:

*In some odd fashion*

*of it's own —*

*Some quainter **Holiday** —*

The first print has been criticized for stanza shapes, and as a heavy edit on the original poetry. I disagree on the latter and enclose a piece-by-piece analysis also to continue with the criterion. The first print is not a heavy edit, and wholesale belief in the fascicles — because they were written by hand — does not do the poetry any favor.

I believe my reservations are reasonable, and my resolve is **to favor the poet**. Editors have done broader jobs, for living and approving authors, than the one required here. There is no way to claim or seek Emily Dickinson's approval, but this will apply to my edition as well as to any other, whereas edited shape always regards the language standard and the quality of the source material.

*A passage back, or two, to make  
To times when he was young.*

**{stanza break}**

*His quaint opinions to inspect,  
His knowledge to unfold  
On what concerns our mutual mind,  
The literature of old;*

**{stanza break}**

*What interested scholars most,  
What competitions ran...*

The poet's linguistic endeavor can gain in appeal, if we allow thematic stanzas and adapt the punctuation, only to do what is fair about poetry from private notes: we would not have own unfinished writings for an honest presentation.

Feel welcome to compare my manner with text for the *USA Charters of Freedom*. The Constitution is a “syntax bonanza”, that is, an exceptionally rich resource. We only cannot have language forms that are hundreds of years aged, to learn modern grammar; **teresapelka.com**.

## POETIC PUNCTUATION

**H**IGGINSON-TODD stanzas look focused on proportion, and poetry highlights on delineation of semantic scopes more. Ends of versed lines may work as commas; let us put the lines together and see (Time and Eternity, X):

*I died for beauty, but was scarce adjusted in the tomb...*

We might get an impression a person was hardly fitting in a coffin, but it is usual to pause a little, when we read the end of the line. We can express this pause with a “default comma”.

*...but was scarce**e**, adjusted in the tomb...*

Indeed, the poetic person does not have spatial concerns, and soon gets company: dying for beauty was not enough, and you cannot die twice.

Our “default comma” will depend on word sense. We may compare the *Success*, text transcribed into clauses:

*Success is counted sweetest by those who ne’er succeed.*

*To comprehend a nectar**r**, requires sorest need.*

In *The Lonely House*, if we allow a picture as the Sun might have been capable of opening the door, we allow for the thought something has been stolen from the household:

*... Fancy the sunrise left the door ajar!*

The first print yet might have “lost” a comma:

*Fancy the sunrise, left the door ajar!*

We can continue our notes on punctuation with reference to stanzas.

## THE THEMATIC STANZA

**T**HE LONELY HOUSE does assure that Emily Dickinson was not stereotyped in her written composition (Life, poem XV):

*I know some lonely houses off the road*

*A robber ’d like the look of —*

*Wooden barred,*

*And windows hanging low,*

*Inviting to*

*A portico...*



The *Library* yet would show an unfinished stanza shape, in handwritten as well as printed copies. Emily Dickinson's health condition before death did not let her even title all her poems.

... *The gown that Dante deified.*

*Facts, centuries before,*

{stanza break}

*He traverses familiar,*

*As one should come to town...<sup>7</sup>*

Stanzas need to be integral bodies of word sense. *The Wind* encourages a consideration of the stanza as a thematic structure.

*Of all the sounds despatched abroad,*

*There's not a charge to me*

*Like that old measure in the boughs,*

*That phraseless melody*

*The wind does, working like a hand*

*Whose fingers brush the sky,*

*Then quiver down, with tufts of tune*

*Permitted gods and me.*

{stanza break}

*When winds go round and round in bands,  
And thrum upon the door,  
And birds take places overhead,  
To bear them **orchestra**;*

The first print uses the comma here. At stanza end, the comma may yet give the impression something is interrupted, fragmented. The semicolon works better in delineating on thematically self-contained structures, and the first print embraces the use, see *The Heart Asks Pleasure First, In a Library*, or *Whether My Bark Went Down at Sea*.

The comma may set forth semantic elements that continue to expand. Let us recur to the *Success*.

*Success is counted sweetest  
By those who ne'er succeed.  
To comprehend a nectar  
Requires sorest need.  
**Not one** of all the purple host  
Who took the flag to-day  
**Can tell the definition,***

*So clear, **of victory,**  
As **he,** defeated, dying,  
On whose forbidden ear  
The distant strains of triumph  
Break, agonized and clear.*

The verse brings a picture of enemy brief and transient victory. To resolve in favor of a unitary layout, I could follow Houghton print image 72S-700.<sup>8</sup> Thomas Niles, the publisher, reportedly admitted in his letter to Emily Dickinson, “you have doubtless perceived [it] was slightly changed in phraseology”.<sup>9</sup> The problem was not so much in the layout, though the poem became divided into stanzas in the first print.

The final verses as in the *Masque of Poets* would have success defined by a person to experience failure: the enemy takes the flag and the lead character dies hearing shouts of exultation, *the distant strains of triumph break, **agonizing** clear.*

Opposite semantics yet never become misnomers in Emily Dickinson’s verses. The first print

has the lead character lose the flag, but it is not far away he can hear the enemy defeated:

*The distant strains of triumph*

*Break, **agonized** and clear* (Higginson-Todd).

It was the sake of thematic integrity to make me present the *Psalm of the Day* as a layout of 4×3 – 6 – 3×3 – 6 lines, whereas the notion of a thematically self-contained structure encouraged the presentation of the *Summer's Armies* as 6 – 6×3 lines of text.

Regard to thematic delineation influenced me into shaping the text as two stanzas, for the *Transplanted* and *Death and Life*. The train of thought required to join the verses into unitary layouts for the *Dawn*, *Perhaps You'd Like to Buy a Flower*, *A Train Went through a Burial Gate*, and *The Bustle in a House*.

Word sense indicated to think over the comma for *Rouge et Noir*, *A Service of Song*, *Love's Baptism*, *One Dignity*, and *The Funeral*.

The semicolon rather than the comma closes the first stanza in *The Grass*; the semicolon remains for the fourth, owing to the phrasal development:

***And even when it dies, to pass***

*In odors so divine,*

*As lowly spices gone to sleep,*

*Or amulets of **pine**;*

{stanza break}

***And then to dwell in sovereign barns...***

In *The Outlet*, I leave the comma and dash combination:

*I'll fetch thee brooks*

*From spotted nooks, —*

*Say, sea, take me!*

The comma and dash are to mark a phrasal antecedent or, in simpler words, it is before the comma and dash we tell the grounds or cause, and we offer a consequent or response after. The dash alone expands on thought.

The semicolon holds for the third and fifth stanzas in the *Indian Summer*, and for the second

thematic stanza in the *Emancipation*. The dot can mark an inner boundary for a train of thought, as it does in the first stanza of *Along the Potomac*.

I have arranged the stanzas thematically for the *Library*, *In Vain*, *Resurrection*, *The Wife*, *Apotheosis*, *May-Flower* — feel welcome to *Fascicle* copies and print: piece by piece, at the end of the book. My adaptations are only to help perceive the text in its flow.

## THE GREEK AND LATIN INSPIRATION

IT is natural, for a person of a fondness for language, to study it analytically, to detail. Emily Dickinson evidently did learn in such a way.

Not only stanzas or syntax, words have constituents, too. Word particles can be inspiration. Here, Latin and Greek words to have the particle *—lus—* helped make poetic imagery.

- *Much madness*: Greek *alussion*, madwort, *Farsetia clypeata*; *alussos*, curing madness; *alusidotos*, wrought in chain;

- *Excl**usion***: the Latin *divinatio* might mean an examination concluded in a secret vote; we can read the *divine majority* as a *personal resolve*;
- *Unreturning*: Greek *anapl**usis***, washing or rinsing out; *an**el**usis*, going up, return; *el**usis***, step, gait; Latin *lenuncu**lus***, a small boat, skiff (the toddling little boat);
- *Have you got a brook in your little heart*: Latin *rivu**lus***, a small brook, petty stream; *galgu**lus***, small bird; *aridu**lus***, somewhat dry;
- *On this long storm*: Greek *enel**usios***, struck by lightning;
- *Playmates*: Latin *coll**usor***, companion at play; *condiscipu**lus***, schoolmate; *ange**lus***, a messenger, an angel; *lapill**us***, small stone, pebble; *l**usus***, a game; Greek *omel**usia***, companionship.

*Along the Potomac* has the morphemic patterning precede a psychological scope. The Latin *angell**us***, double *el*, could mean *an angle* of small measure.

*To look at her; how slowly*

*The seasons must have turned*

*Till bullets clipt an angle,  
And he passed quickly round!*

*The psychological image: ... But proud in apparition,  
That woman and her boy  
Pass back and forth before my brain,  
As ever in the sky.*

*I Asked No Other Thing* builds an abstract picture on Latin and Greek particles *upo/ypo*: *cauponarius*, a male shopkeeper, tradesman; *isotypos*, shaped alike; *synypoptosis*, simultaneous presentation to the senses; *upopternis*, knob (a button that can twirl), and *upo*, below, looking at a picture (as for Brazil on a map).

*I asked no other thing,  
No other was denied.  
I offered Being for it;  
The mighty merchant smiled.*

*Brazil? He twirled a button,  
Without a glance my way:*



*“But, madam, is there nothing else  
That we can show to-day?”*

Please try the Perseus language tool  
for Latin and Greek.  
**[perseus.tufts.edu/hopper/search](http://perseus.tufts.edu/hopper/search)**

## TO ANTIQUITY AND BACK

**F**OR thousands of years, speech syllables and sounds have been making more than one word, in more than one language. Already ancients had words entire bring more than one sense.

In Latin, the word *praesentio* did not refer only to presaging; it also meant *predictive perception*. *Praesens* meant *in sight, present*. The shape “preasensus” was the same to imply something or someone *predictably present* or *a presentiment*.

In Emily Dickinson’s *Presentiment*, the plural shape “suns” may suggest the Proto-Indo-European theory by William Jones.<sup>10</sup> He speculated that European and Far East Indian languages came

from one ancestor language. There has never been evidence to this, and words as *man*, *woman*, *child*, or *house* differ in form between Latin and Greek, as they may between German, French, Polish, or Russian.

To compare just Latin and Greek, we have dissimilar words for the Sun: *Sol* and *Helios*. The poem has all nouns in the singular, except the ***suns***; comprehensibly, it would not be much support for the PIE theory.

The *Beclouded* word form ***some one*** was quite regular in Webster 1828 and translations from ancient classics. **Someone** was close in sense to *anyone*, any person, and the difference in spelling was to indicate “a type of person”. Today, the context resolves on the meaning.

The poet allowed the word *divine* classically to indicate senses as *psychological* or *select*. In the *Exclusion*, the soul, to decide on oneself, follows own

*divine majority*; to regard Latin, own secret or inner resolve. *Much Madness* highlights on the difference between personal and group accord.

Words as *divine*, *heavens* or *skies*, correlate with the Latin *cælum*, which meant “out there, where the stars are” or “the highest”, for quality. The *odors so divine* in *The Grass*, the *clew divine* in the *Chrysalis*, and the *divine intoxication* in *Setting Sail*, all refer to exquisite and earthly experiences.

Ancient Roman mythologies had *the skies* also for “somewhere the souls of the deceased went”. An eagle, *aquila* in Latin, was a funerary symbol too. In Emily Dickinson’s poetry, the words *heaven* or *skies* do not presume on the Last Judgment and salvation; they are closer in sense to “after we die”:

*I reason that in heaven*

*Somehow, it will be even,*

*Some new equation given;*

*But what of that?*

(Time and Eternity, XXIII).

We can associate some of her predicate forms with ancient Greek philosophers.

*Captivity is consciousness,*

*So's liberty.*

*(Emancipation).*

The philosophers organized concepts in categories.

We can interpret the lines above as *captivity belongs with the category of CONSCIOUSNESS; one is aware whether captive, and it is the same with the state or condition of being free.* We can find the logical predication in Aristotle, for example.

English is a non-flexing language. To purport that consciousness is captivity, we would have to follow the regular word order and say literally, *\*consciousness is captivity.*

On our way back from Antiquity, we may view the poem *Mine* as enjoyment of a rare book, possibly on Greek writings. The white vote was that of approval in ancient Greece, which in public matters had to be affirmed by officials named *the*

*prytaneis*. No modern political interpretation for a vote would apply. First “white primaries” were held years after Emily Dickinson’s death in 1886.

Therefore, the *royal seal* might be an *ex libris*, or a library stamp to affirm on borrowing. Webster 1828 display page 544 derives *delirium* from wandering off the furrow, and furrows were counted. Pages for the *ex libris*, or library book cards, have been usually those without number, at book beginning.

Works of ancient Greeks may come to mind with browsing Webster 1828 for occurrences of the word shape *grave*. The dictionary defines *auxesis* as *a figure by which any thing is magnified too much*, and *a more **grave** and magnificent word is put for the proper word*. The poetic **scarlet prison** might mean a library stamp kit, possibly with an ink pad.

For the phrase **grave’s repeal**, we may refer to the verb *to disinter*; Webster 1828 explains the sense also was *to take out **as** from a **grave**, to bring from obscurity into view*. The accompanying quote

from Addison tells, *The philosopher — may be concealed in a plebeian, which a proper education might have disinterred.*

The piece-by-piece analysis (page 204) concludes in two works by Thomas Taylor, *A Dissertation on the Philosophy of Aristotle, in Four Books*, and *Collectanea*. They were rare books also in Emily Dickinson's times. *Perpetuity* as a notion to embrace *recurrent manifestation* pervades the poetry, not only for Time and Eternity.

The poet's use of Aristotle should not be judged by published translations. Dictionary search for the word shape ἐπιδεικνύουσι, at the beginning of the third chapter of *Physics* Book 1, will show δεικνύμι for bringing to light, and δεινός as for the timid dwelling of the *Surrender*. The overcoat of clay from *Death Is a Dialogue* might get along well with the Greek οἶον and οἶονοῖστικῇ, for the same chapter. The poet worked the sense on her own, with the philosopher's discourse to refute the thesis "All is One", as in an equation.

I do not want to ruin the pleasure a curious reader might have, and my last spoiler is *I Reason, Earth Is Short*. At **teresapelka.com**, feel welcome to the *Lexica*: Aristotle and Emily Dickinson have much in common, testing *the philosophical* against *the everyday*, and I enclose sample searches to show the correlation; my gist for *Physics* and *Metaphysics* yet remains an independent project.

Webster 1828 is available from the Internet Archive: **archive.org**. Naturally, dictionary definitions are not the objects of thought they describe; the *Surrender* yet affirms that a lexicon can be itself companionship of highest quality:

*Why, God would be content*

*With but a fraction of the love*

*Poured thee without a stint.*

*... The whole of me, forever... Might...*

*... Some distant heaven... Dwell timidly with thee.*

Emily Dickinson reportedly wrote to Thomas Higginson in 1862, *For several years, my lexicon was my only companion.*

## THE SUPERNATURAL, OR GOD

B EYOND doubt, Emily Dickinson used *the poetic person*, the phrase to be my preference over the *lyrical subject*. The phrase *the poetic person* is not the same as *a human being*; it is as the *grammatical person*, where we can use personal pronouns for animals or imagination as well, please see *A Service of Song*, or *Liquor Never Brewed*.

Her first person pronouns, *I* or *we*, depart from material existence in *To Fight Aloud Is Very Brave*, or *Renunciation*. Reference to human reality yet does not mean the poet herself in *Love's Baptism*.

The way to present belief always involves the human being — bodily, psychological, or both — in context with feeling and thinking.

A feeling and thinking entity does not presume on the outcome or result of events, even if mildly humorous about oneself:

*For Heaven is a different thing  
Conjectured, and waked sudden in... (Rouge Gagne).*



We can compare *The Butterfly's Assumption-Gown*, a humorous piece where an association with *a priori* reckoning may come in parallel with *The Chrysalis* and its expectation on the world as inclusive of the skies to be made of some fine fabric.

It is own, human thinking to let one take comfort in reading:

*He danced along the dingy days,  
And this bequest of wings  
Was but a book. What liberty  
A loosened spirit brings! (A Book).*

It is a human feeling, to want an affection to survive:

*Before the judgment-seat of God,  
The last and second time  
These fleshless lovers met,  
A heaven in a gaze,  
A heaven of heavens, the privilege  
Of one another's eyes. (Resurrection).*

It is human feeling and thinking, to associate physical phenomena and emotional response:

*There's a certain slant of light,  
On winter afternoons,  
That oppresses, like the weight  
Of cathedral tunes.*

*When it comes, the landscape listens,  
Shadows hold their breath... (Nature, XXXI).*

The ordinary, everyday human being remains a factor, even without appearing in the picture: belief in God is a human matter.

*It makes no difference abroad,  
The seasons fit the same...  
(Two Worlds).*

We may compare *A Service of Song*, where a bird, even if complaining about some regular preacher length of sermon, celebrates when humans do.

*God* or *Heavenly Father*, the words belong with human notionality, and word senses vary among people, as well as change over time. The *Bequest* clearly refers to Antiquity. An indefinite *Heavenly*

*Father* suggests a pre-Christian time, when the notion of one heavenly father figure did not have the prevalence to motivate the definite article of today:

*You left me sweet, two legacies, —*

*A legacy of love*

*A Heavenly Father would content*

*Had He the offer of...*

By notionalty, I mean the human ability to speak, write, as well as think and project, with use of own vocabulary and ideas about living experience, learning, intellect, theory, and imagery; human thinking is not necessarily made of dictionary definitions.

*Safe in Their Alabaster Chambers* shows that ways to practice and profess belief are matters human and not always wise. The poem is not likely about Christianity. The phrase “*the members of the resurrection*” localizes, regards a specific environment, and Christianity was global already in Emily Dickinson’s times. More, not all people for Chris-

tian resurrection have been born even by today, according to the creed as it has long been known.

We may think about ancient Egypt and the Fertile Crescent. The people could not have truly believed the mummified shells of human remains might ever regain living functions. The phrase *rafter of satin, and roof of stone*, an idea impracticable for builders, looks a metaphor for pretended belief.

## WORD SENSE AND HUMAN LIVING EXPERIENCE

THERE is a word in Emily Dickinson's works taken much too neurophysiologically, and the word is *pain*, a common noun.

*You left me **boundaries** of **pain***

*Capacious as the sea,*

*Between eternity and time,*

*Your consciousness and me... (Bequest).*

Borders as above would lack shape, for a somatic reality, and even if one has not had experience

with pain whatsoever more serious than an ache from a milk tooth, one knows that people cannot pass on or swap physical sensations. Early in life, we people learn that our bodies are individual.

English language yet has the phrase *to take the pains*, for conscious effort. This does not have to bring physical, psychological, or any pain at all. We may think about Aristotle and Webster, along with the word βαρύμοχθος, *toilsome*.

The ancient *barys* could mean *heavy*, as well as *deep* or *strong*: the term worked for mass, length, and intensity or amplification, βαρυσωδής to say *abysmal* about a sea, and *precipitous* with regard to a way or path.<sup>11</sup> The phrase *bareia prosodia* denoted the *grave accent*, a linguistic feature. Webster 1828 will show the word βαρύς along with the shape *grave* sometimes. The Greek ᾠδύλογος was *the one who spoke sweetly*; ᾠδύνατος was a term for One motionless Being, disputed by Aristotle.

We may also read today about ancient Greek epigrams, as in the fragmentary codex that Yale

University acquired in 1996. It forwards a story of a poet who, having lived “a pound of years” and worked on some toilsome grammar, was going to Hades — to counsel the dead. Kevin Wilkinson interprets the “pound of years” as about 70 years of life by Palladas.<sup>12</sup>

*The Mystery of Pain* may encourage thinking about language as a cognitive device. Emily Dickinson would have been a precursor with the idea.

*Pain has an element of blank;*

*It cannot recollect*

*When it began...*

The pain is not experiential. Without perception on its beginning and source, there is no physical or psychological pain, and human memory gathers on sensory circumstances as the predicament allows. We may note that the English verb *to ache* does not have the Passive. We do not say *\*we are ached*. In a conjugation chart, the place would be blank. For future forms, we use the infinitive.

To take a cognitive implication, we do not have to learn everything by experience. In particular, making a life painful would not make it meaningful.

The poet was aware in her use of the grammatical articles, *a* and *the*. In the poem *Real*, the phrase *I like **a** look of agony*, denies fondness; we would have ***the** look of agony*, then: the anguish is *homely*, the poem is about ordinary dying.

*I like **a** look of agony,  
Because I know it's true;  
Men do not sham convulsion,  
Nor simulate a throe.*

*The eyes glaze once, and that is death.  
Impossible to feign  
The beads upon the forehead  
By **homely** anguish strung.*

For the verb *to like*, we may refer to Webster 1828 (II), page 54. It has senses as *to liken*, quoted after Shakespeare, or *to choose*, quoted after Locke.

It is cognitively quite challenging, to think about this world without death, to wonder if there would be a person willing to stay on this planet eternally. To expand on the articles, *I lost **a** world* (*Lost*) does not pronounce **the end of the world**.

*The Sea of Sunset* shows cognitive individuality in picturing the world. The Yellow Sea is in the Far East. However, it receives a western connotation, since the Yellow River comes to feed the waters of the sea — as objectively as geographically — from the West.

Human cognitive mapping is anthropocentric only as to take the mapper point of view. Thinking about every human being in the world does not happen every so often, and it could be strange, when the focus is on the local fauna or flora. In the *May-Flower*, the phrase *every human soul* refers to *everyone in the area*.

*Next to the robin*

*In every human soul.*



Today as well, a phrase as *nobody knows* would be likely to tell *nobody around knows*.

In everyday life as of now too, there might be hardly anything more prosaic than book dusting. Penning verse about the prose of life belongs with genius (pen and paper, let us try). Here, the verses have the poetic person reading, when the time for housekeeping comes. Interrupting an interesting read requires self-denial, hence the *Surrender*.

To hold the poem for the author's affection towards a man (God is a masculine reference),<sup>13</sup> we would purport the poet presumed she was capable of a gender relationship with God.

*Why, **God would be content***

***With but a fraction of the love***

***Poured thee without a stint.***

The poetry has no evidence Emily Dickinson harbored such belief. Regarding human relationships and God, there are the poetic pieces *Proof* and *Resurrection*.

In the *Proof*, Christian salvation is the hope for two loving humans to meet after death. In the *Resurrection*, the poetic person envisions such a meeting in front of a *judging* God: He is a being different from human.

Among attributes shared with humans, God is in all philosophy and religion an entity of own will and affect; nobody takes pleasing — God or people — for certainty. The language usage of the time had the word shape “content” also to connote *the necessary minimum* or *just enough*: “journalism was content to print little more than the Inaugural Address”, we can learn from *The Atlantic* about the presidential election of 1800.<sup>14</sup>

Emily Dickinson’s inquiry into polysemy and ambiguity worked around language and word shapes; it did not put human form or identity to doubt. The *dim companion* hardly could have been a person, and there are no “dim people” in her poetry.

What can get dim with time? — Print. *A companion* can be a lexicon, handbook, or com-

pendium. The poetic person does not expect own name in a written resource to include a definition for God (the word shape “content” is the same for a book interior). My suspect is Webster 1828, display page 834, entry *God*. As regards pleasing, whether people or God, a gift of dust could be only incongruous: there never have been such poor sentient beings.

## PERSONALITY AND WRITING

I HAVE read quite a few texts about writers. Stories differed and their narrators did, pursuits by the human sources usually to influence the picture of a linguistically creative person. People who were not artists allowed more speculation on mentality and comport. Rumor or opinion, even madness or drug use have been ascribed to writing: quite powerful odia.

I am a linguist and a pragmatic. To me, language activity is a normal and ordinary matter; also my bread, per file or word count in trans-

lation. It does not need phenomena supernatural, or aberration from norm. Simply to say it, some people like to bake bread, some — to make horseshoes, and some people like to wield words.

On the side of simple facts, Emily Dickinson's writing is sober. Her imagery is lexical, and the style does not have the prolixity, repetitive phonemics, and anaphora or antecedent misuse we may get with people who are mentally unstable or substance-dependent. Her creativity has awareness of the poetic person as a device, and employs no linguistic naivete.

Regarding recluse habits, there is a state of focus that solitude and silence encourage. It is especially desirable for language work; absorption with language matter can bring natural, emotional and intellectual rewards. As eremite monks are not suspected, authors as well, do not purpose to offend the world. Detachment is not the same as loneliness, and it does not grant a position beyond people, either:

*I reason that in heaven  
Somehow, it will be even,  
Some new **equation** given;  
But what of that?* (Time and Eternity, XXIII).

Have pleasure: dictionary browsing can help view the poetry as a conscious exploration on linguistic shape and sense. The poet certainly did not expect dictionaries to vanish or change dramatically with time, and she realized the patterning would be perceivable — you do not need to go on top of a mountain, for your language matter; it can be right next to you, on a bookshelf.

Language art can be as garment for the heart, mind, or soul, and Emily Dickinson was talented as well as elegant, in joining linguistic prowess with a simple allure of speech. She wrote in favor of this *some one* to like to talk verses, rather than a person to seek a pedestal. We can return to this art and natural charm, despite Thomas Johnson's print.

Teresa Pelka

*T*his is my letter to the world,  
That never wrote to me,  
The simple news that **Nature** told,  
With tender majesty.

*Her message is committed  
To hands I cannot see;  
For love of her, sweet countrymen,  
Judge tenderly of me!*

The Greek word φυσικός, *fysikos*, continues to mean *natural*, as it also did in Aristotle's *Physics* and *Metaphysics*, the book after *Physics*.

**LIFE**

I.  
**SUCCESS**

SUCCESS is counted sweetest  
By those who ne'er succeed.  
To comprehend a nectar  
Requires sorest need.  
Not one of all the purple host  
Who took the flag to-day  
Can tell the definition,  
So clear, of victory,  
As he, defeated, dying,  
On whose forbidden ear  
The distant strains of triumph  
Break, agonized and clear.

**II.**

O UR share of night to bear,  
Our share of morning,  
Our blank in bliss to fill,  
Our blank in scorning.

Here a star, and there a star,  
Some lose their way.  
Here a mist, and there a mist,  
Afterwards — day!



**III.**  
**ROUGE ET NOIR**

**S** OUL, wilt thou toss again?  
By just such a hazard  
Hundreds have lost, indeed,  
But tens have won an all.

Angels' breathless ballot  
Lingers to record thee;  
Imps, in eager caucus,  
Raffle for my soul.

IV.  
ROUGE GAGNE

'T IS so much joy! 'T is so much joy!  
If I should fail, what poverty!  
And yet, as poor as I  
Have ventured all upon a throw;  
Have gained! Yes! Hesitated so  
This side the victory!

Life is but life, and death but death!  
Bliss is but bliss, and breath but breath!  
And if, indeed, I fail,  
At least to know the worst is sweet.  
Defeat means nothing but defeat,  
No drearier can prevail!

And if I gain, — oh, gun at sea,  
Oh, bells that in the steeples be,  
At first repeat it slow!  
For Heaven is a different thing  
Conjectured, and waked sudden in,  
And might o'erwhelm me so!

V.

GLEE! the great storm is over!  
Four have recovered the land;  
Forty gone down together  
Into the boiling sand.

Ring, for the scant salvation!  
Toll, for the bonnie souls —  
Neighbor and friend and bridegroom,  
Spinning upon the shoals!

How they will tell the shipwreck  
When winter shakes the door,  
Till the children ask, “But the forty?  
Did they come back no more?”

Then a silence suffuses the story,  
And a softness the teller’s eye;  
And the children no further question,  
And only the waves reply.

**VI.**

**I**F I can stop one heart from breaking,  
I shall not live in vain;  
If I can ease one life the aching,  
Or cool one pain,  
Or help one fainting robin  
Unto his nest again,  
I shall not live in vain.

**VII.  
ALMOST!**

**W**ITHIN my reach!  
I could have touched!  
I might have chanced that way!  
Soft sauntered through the village,  
Sauntered as soft away!

So unsuspected, violets  
Within the fields lie low;  
Too late for striving fingers  
That passed, an hour ago!

VIII.

A WOUNDED deer leaps highest,  
I've heard the hunter tell;  
'T is but the ecstasy of death,  
And then the brake is still.

The smitten rock that gushes,  
The trampled steel that springs:  
A cheek is always redder  
Just where the hectic stings!

Mirth is the mail of anguish,  
In which it cautions arm,  
Lest anybody spy the blood  
And "You're hurt" exclaim!

**IX.**

**T**HE heart asks pleasure first,  
And then, excuse from pain;  
And then, those little anodynes  
That deaden suffering;

And then, to go to sleep;  
And then, if it should be  
The will of its Inquisitor,  
The liberty to die.

**X.**  
**IN A LIBRARY**

**A**PRECIOUS, mouldering pleasure't is  
To meet an antique book,  
In just the dress his century wore;  
A privilege, I think,  
His venerable hand to take,  
And warming in our own,  
A passage back, or two, to make  
To times when he was young.

His quaint opinions to inspect,  
His knowledge to unfold  
On what concerns our mutual mind,  
The literature of old;

What interested scholars most,  
What competitions ran  
When Plato was a certainty,  
And Sophocles a man;  
When Sappho was a living girl,  
And Beatrice wore  
The gown that Dante deified.



Facts, centuries before,  
He traverses familiar,  
As one should come to town  
And tell you all your dreams were true:  
He lived where dreams were sown.

His presence is enchantment,  
You beg him not to go;  
Old volumes shake their vellum heads  
And tantalize, just so.

**XI.**

**M**UCH madness is divinest sense  
To a discerning eye;  
Much sense the starkest madness.  
'T is, the majority  
In this, as all, prevails.  
Assent, and you are sane;  
Demur, — you're straightway dangerous,  
And handled with a chain.

**XII.**

I ASKED no other thing,  
No other was denied.  
I offered Being for it;  
The mighty merchant smiled.

Brazil? He twirled a button,  
Without a glance my way:  
“But, madam, is there nothing else  
That we can show to-day?”

**XIII.  
EXCLUSION**

**T**HE soul selects her own society,  
Then shuts the door;  
On her divine majority  
Obtrude no more.

Unmoved, she notes the chariot's pausing  
At her low gate;  
Unmoved, an emperor is kneeling  
Upon her mat.

I've known her from an ample nation  
Choose one;  
Then close the valves of her attention  
Like stone.

**XIV.**  
**THE SECRET**

SOME things that fly there be —  
Birds, hours, the bumble-bee:  
Of these no elegy.

Some things that stay there be —  
Grief, hills, eternity:  
Nor this behooveth me.

There are, that resting, rise.  
Can I expound the skies?  
How still the riddle lies!

**XV.**  
**THE LONELY HOUSE**

I KNOW some lonely houses off the road  
A robber 'd like the look of —  
Wooden barred,  
And windows hanging low,  
Inviting to  
A portico,  
Where two could creep:  
One hand the tools,  
The other peep  
To make sure all's asleep.  
Old-fashioned eyes,  
Not easy to surprise!

How orderly the kitchen 'd look by night,  
With just a clock, —  
But they could gag the tick,  
And mice won't bark;  
And so the walls don't tell,  
None will.

A pair of spectacles afar just stir —  
An almanac's aware.  
Was it the mat winked,  
Or a nervous star?  
The moon slides down the stair  
To see who's there.

There's plunder, — where?  
Tankard, or spoon,  
Earring, or stone,  
A watch, some antique brooch  
To match the grandmamma,  
Staid sleeping there.

Day rattles, too,  
Stealth's slow;  
The sun has got as far  
As the third sycamore.  
Screams chanticleer,  
“Who's there?”  
And echoes, trains away,  
Sneer — “Where?”  
While the old couple, just astir,  
Fancy the sunrise, left the door ajar!

**XVI.**

**T**O fight aloud is very brave,  
But gallanter, I know,  
Who charge within the bosom  
The cavalry of woe.

Who win, and nations do not see,  
Who fall, and none observe;  
Whose dying eyes no country  
Regards with patriot love.

We trust, in plumed procession,  
For such the angels go,  
Rank after rank, with even feet  
And uniforms of snow.



**XVII.  
DAWN**

**W**HEN night is almost done,  
And sunrise grows so near  
That we can touch the spaces,  
It's time to smooth the hair,  
And get the dimples ready,  
And wonder we could care  
For that old faded midnight  
That frightened but an hour.

**XVIII.**  
**THE BOOK OF MARTYRS**

**R**EAD, sweet, how others strove,  
Till we are stouter;  
What they renounced,  
Till we are less afraid;  
How many times they bore  
The faithful witness,  
Till we are helped  
As if a kingdom cared!

Read then of faith  
That shone above the fagot;  
Clear strains of hymn  
The river could not drown;  
Brave names of men  
And celestial women  
Passed out of record  
Into renown!

**XIX.**  
**THE MYSTERY OF PAIN**

PAIN has an element of blank;  
It cannot recollect  
When it began, or if there were  
A day when it was not.

It has no future but itself;  
Its infinite realms contain  
Its past, enlightened to perceive  
New periods of pain.

**XX.**

**I** TASTE a liquor never brewed,  
From tankards scooped in pearl;  
Not all the vats upon the Rhine  
Yield such an alcohol!

Inebriate of air am I,  
And debauchee of dew,  
Reeling, through endless summer days,  
From inns of molten blue.

When landlords turn the drunken bee  
Out of the foxglove's door,  
When butterflies renounce their drams,  
I shall but drink the more!

Till seraphs swing their snowy hats,  
And saints to windows run,  
To see the little tippler  
Leaning against the sun!

**XXI.**  
**A BOOK**

**H**E ate and drank the precious words,  
His spirit grew robust;  
He knew no more that he was poor,  
Nor that his frame was dust.

He danced along the dingy days,  
And this bequest of wings  
Was but a book. What liberty  
A loosened spirit brings!

**XXII.**

I HAD no time to hate, because  
The grave would hinder me,  
And life was not so ample I  
Could finish enmity.

Nor had I time to love; but since  
Some industry must be,  
The little toil of love, I thought,  
Was large enough for me.

**XXIII.**  
**UNRETURNING**

**'T** WAS such a little, little boat  
That toddled down the bay!  
'T was such a gallant, gallant sea  
That beckoned it away!

'T was such a greedy, greedy wave  
That licked it from the coast;  
Nor ever guessed the stately sails  
My little craft was lost!

**XXIV.**

**W**HETHER my bark went down at sea,  
Whether she met with gales,  
Whether to isles enchanted  
She bent her docile sails;  
By what mystic mooring  
She is held to-day, —  
This is the errand of the eye  
Out upon the bay.



**XXV.**

**B**ELSHAZZAR had a letter —  
He never had but one;  
Belshazzar's correspondent  
Concluded — and begun  
In that immortal copy:  
The conscience of us all  
Can read without its glasses  
On revelation's wall.

**XXVI.**

**T**HE brain within its groove  
Runs evenly and true;  
But let a splinter swerve,  
'T were easier for you  
To put the water back  
When floods have slit the hills,  
And scooped a turnpike for themselves,  
And blotted out the mills!

**LOVE**

I.  
**MINE**

**M**INE by the right of the white election!  
Mine by the royal seal!  
Mine by the sign in the scarlet prison  
Bars cannot conceal!

Mine, here in vision and in veto!  
Mine, by the grave's repeal  
Titled, confirmed — delirious charter!  
Mine, while the ages steal!

**II.**  
**BEQUEST**

**Y**OU left me sweet, two legacies —  
A legacy of love  
A Heavenly Father would content,  
Had He the offer of;

You left me boundaries of pain  
Capacious as the sea,  
Between eternity and time,  
Your consciousness and me.

**III.**

**A**LTER? When the hills do.  
Falter? When the sun  
Question if his glory  
Be the perfect one.

Surfeit? When the daffodil  
Doth of the dew:  
Even as herself, O friend!  
I will of you!

**IV.**  
**SUSPENSE**

**E**LYSIUM is as far as to  
The very nearest room,  
If in that room a friend await  
Felicity or doom.

What fortitude the soul contains,  
That it can so endure  
The accent of a coming foot,  
The opening of a door!

V.  
**SURRENDER**

**D**OUBT me, my dim companion!  
Why, God would be content  
With but a fraction of the love  
Poured thee without a stint.  
The whole of me, forever,  
What more the woman can —  
Say quick, that I may dower thee  
With last delight I own!

It cannot be my spirit,  
For that was thine before;  
I ceded all of dust I knew —  
What opulence the more  
Had I, a humble maiden,  
Whose farthest of degree  
Was that she might,  
Some distant heaven,  
Dwell timidly with thee!



**VI.**

**I**F you were coming in the fall,  
I'd brush the summer by  
With half a smile and half a spurn,  
As housewives do a fly.

If I could see you in a year,  
I'd wind the months in balls,  
And put them each in separate drawers,  
Until their time befalls.

If only centuries delayed,  
I'd count them on my hand,  
Subtracting till my fingers dropped  
Into Van Diemen's land.

If certain, when this life was out,  
That yours and mine should be,  
I'd toss it yonder like a rind,  
And taste eternity.

But now, all ignorant of the length  
Of time's uncertain wing,  
It goads me, like the goblin bee,  
That will not state its sting.

**VII.  
WITH A FLOWER**

**I** HIDE myself within my flower,  
That wearing on your breast,  
You, unsuspecting, wear me too —  
And angels know the rest.

I hide myself within my flower,  
That, fading from your vase,  
You, unsuspecting, feel for me  
Almost a loneliness.

**VIII.  
PROOF**

**T**HAT I did always love,  
I bring thee proof:  
That till I loved  
I did not love enough.

That I shall love alway,  
I offer thee  
That love is life,  
And life hath immortality.

This, dost thou doubt, sweet?  
Then have I  
Nothing to show  
But Calvary.

**IX.**

**H**AVE you got a brook in your little heart,  
Where bashful flowers blow,  
And blushing birds go down to drink,  
And shadows tremble so?

And nobody knows, so still it flows,  
That any brook is there;  
And yet your little draught of life  
Is daily drunken there.

Then look out for the little brook in March,  
When the rivers overflow,  
And the snows come hurrying from the hills,  
And the bridges often go.

And later, in August it may be,  
When the meadows parching lie,  
Beware, lest this little brook of life  
Some burning noon go dry!

**X.**  
**TRANSPLANTED**

**A**s if some little Arctic flower,  
Upon the polar hem,  
Went wandering down the latitudes,  
Until it puzzled came  
To continents of summer,  
To firmaments of sun,  
To strange, bright crowds of flowers,  
And birds of foreign tongue!

I say, as if this little flower  
To Eden, wandered in, —  
What then? Why, nothing,  
Only, your inference therefrom!

**XI.**  
**THE OUTLET**

**M**Y river runs to thee:  
Blue sea, wilt welcome me?  
My river waits reply.  
Oh, sea, look graciously!

I'll fetch thee brooks  
From spotted nooks, —  
Say, sea, take me!

**XII.**  
**IN VAIN**

I CANNOT live with you,  
It would be life,  
And life is over there  
Behind the shelf  
The sexton keeps the key to,  
Putting up  
Our life — his porcelain,  
Like a cup  
Discarded of the housewife,  
Quaint or broken;  
A newer Sevres pleases,  
Old ones crack.

I could not die with you,  
For one must wait  
To shut the other's gaze down —  
You could not.  
And I, could I stand by  
And see you freeze,  
Without my right of frost,  
Death's privilege?



Nor could I rise with you,  
Because your face  
Would put out Jesus',  
That new grace  
Glow plain and foreign  
On my homesick eye,  
Except that you, than he  
Shone closer by.

They'd judge us — how?  
For you served Heaven, you know,  
Or sought to;  
I could not,  
Because you saturated sight,  
And I had no more eyes  
For sordid excellence  
As Paradise.

And were you lost, I would be,  
Though my name  
Rang loudest  
On the heavenly fame;  
And were you saved,  
And I condemned to be  
Where you were not,  
That self were hell to me.

So we must keep apart,  
You there, I here,  
With just the door ajar  
That oceans are,  
And prayer,  
And that pale sustenance,  
Despair!

**XIII.**  
**RENUNCIATION**

**T**HERE came a day at summer's full  
Entirely for me;  
I thought that such were for the saints,  
Where revelations be.

The sun, as common, went abroad,  
The flowers, accustomed, blew,  
As if no soul the solstice passed  
That maketh all things new.

The time was scarce profaned by speech;  
The symbol of a word  
Was needless, as at sacrament  
The wardrobe of our Lord.

Each was to each the sealed church,  
Permitted to commune this time,  
Lest we too awkward show  
At supper of the Lamb.

The hours slid fast, as hours will,  
Clutched tight by greedy hands;  
So faces on two decks look back,  
Bound to opposing lands.

And so, when all the time had failed,  
Without external sound,  
Each bound the other's crucifix,  
We gave no other bond.

Sufficient troth that we shall rise —  
Deposed, at length, the grave —  
To that new marriage, justified  
Through Calvaries of Love!

**XIV.**  
**LOVE'S BAPTISM**

I'M ceded, I've stopped being theirs;  
The name they dropped upon my face  
With water, in the country church,  
Is finished using now,  
And they can put it with my dolls,  
My childhood, and the string of spools  
I've finished threading, too.

Baptized before without the choice,  
But this time consciously, of grace  
Unto supremest name,  
Called to my full, the crescent dropped,  
Existence's whole arc filled up  
With one small diadem.

My second rank, too small the first,  
Crowned, crowing on my father's breast,  
A half unconscious queen;  
But this time, adequate, erect,  
With will to choose or to reject,  
And I choose — just a throne.

**XV.**  
**RESURRECTION**

**T** WAS a long parting, but the time  
For interview had come;  
Before the judgment-seat of God,  
The last and second time  
These fleshless lovers met,  
A heaven in a gaze,  
A heaven of heavens, the privilege  
Of one another's eyes.

No lifetime set on them,  
Apparelled as the new  
Unborn, except they had beheld,  
Born everlasting now.

Was bridal e'er like this?  
A paradise, the host,  
And cherubim and seraphim  
The most familiar guest.

**XVI.  
APOCALYPSE**

I'm wife; I've finished that,  
That other state;  
I'm Czar, I'm woman now:  
It's safer so.

How odd the girl's life looks  
Behind this soft eclipse!  
I think that Earth seems so  
To those in Heaven now.

This being comfort, then  
That other kind was pain;  
But why compare?  
I'm wife! stop there!

**XVII.  
THE WIFE**

**S**HE rose to his requirement, dropped  
The playthings of her life  
To take the honorable work  
Of woman and of wife.

If aught she missed in her new day  
Of amplitude, or awe,  
Or first prospective, or the gold  
In using wore away —  
It lay unmentioned, as the sea  
Develops pearl and weed,  
But only to himself is known  
The fathoms they abide.



**XVIII.**  
**APOTHEOSIS**

COME slowly, Eden!  
Lips unused to thee;  
Bashful, sip thy jasmines,  
As the fainting bee,  
Reaching late his flower,  
Round her chamber hums,  
Counts his nectars — enters,  
And is lost in balms!

**NATURE**

I.

NEW feet within my garden go,  
New fingers stir the sod;  
A troubadour upon the elm  
Betrays the solitude.

New children play upon the green,  
New weary sleep below;  
And still the pensive spring returns,  
And still the punctual snow!

**II.**  
**MAY-FLOWER**

PINK, small, and punctual,  
Aromatic, low,  
Covert in April,  
Candid in May,  
Dear to the moss,  
Known by the knoll,  
Next to the robin  
In every human soul.

Bold little beauty,  
Bedecked with thee,  
Nature forswears  
Antiquity.

**III.  
WHY?**

**T**HE murmur of a bee  
A witchcraft yieldeth me.  
If any ask me why,  
'T were easier to die  
Than tell.

The red upon the hill  
Taketh away my will;  
If anybody sneer,  
Take care, for God is here,  
That's all.

The breaking of the day  
Addeth to my degree;  
If any ask me how,  
Artist, who drew me so,  
Must tell!

**IV.**

**P**ERHAPS you'd like to buy a flower?  
But I could never sell.  
If you would like to borrow  
Until the daffodil  
Unties her yellow bonnet  
Beneath the village door,  
Until the bees, from clover rows  
Their hock and sherry draw,  
Why, I will lend until just then,  
But not an hour more!

V.

THE pedigree of honey  
Does not concern the bee;  
A clover, any time, to him  
Is aristocracy.

**VI.**  
**A SERVICE OF SONG**

**S**OME keep the Sabbath going to church;  
I keep it staying at home,  
With a bobolink for a chorister,  
And an orchard for a dome.

Some keep the Sabbath in surplice;  
I just wear my wings,  
And instead of tolling the bell for church,  
Our little sexton sings.

God preaches, — a noted clergyman, —  
And the sermon is never long;  
So instead of getting to heaven, at last  
I'm going all along!



**VII.**

**T**HE bee is not afraid of me,  
I know the butterfly;  
The pretty people in the woods  
Receive me cordially.

The brooks laugh louder when I come,  
The breezes madder play.  
Wherefore, mine eye, thy silver mists?  
Wherefore, O summer's day?

**VIII.**  
**SUMMER'S ARMIES**

SOME rainbow coming from the fair!  
Some vision of the world Cashmere  
I confidently see!  
Or else, a peacock's purple train,  
Feather by feather, on the plain  
Fritters itself away!

The dreamy butterflies bestir,  
Lethargic pools resume the whir  
Of last year's sundered tune.

From some old fortress on the sun  
Baronial bees march, one by one,  
In murmuring platoon!

The robins stand as thick to-day  
As flakes of snow stood yesterday,  
On fence, and roof, and twig.

The orchis binds her feather on  
For her old lover, Don the Sun,  
Revisiting the bog!

Without commander, countless, still,  
The regiment of wood and hill  
In bright detachment stand.

Behold! Whose multitudes are these?  
The children of whose turbaned seas,  
Or what Circassian land?

**IX.**  
**THE GRASS**

**T**HE grass so little has to do —  
A sphere of simple green,  
With only butterflies to brood,  
And bees to entertain;

And stir all day to pretty tunes  
The breezes fetch along,  
And hold the sunshine in its lap  
And bow to everything;

And thread the dews all night, like pearls,  
And make itself so fine, —  
A duchess were too common  
For such a noticing.

And even when it dies, to pass  
In odors so divine,  
As lowly spices gone to sleep,  
Or amulets of pine;

And then to dwell in sovereign barns,  
And dream the days away, —  
The grass so little has to do,  
I wish I were the hay!

**X.**

A LITTLE road not made of man,  
Enabled of the eye,  
Accessible to thill of bee,  
Or cart of butterfly.

If town it have, beyond itself,  
'T is that I cannot say;  
I only sigh — no vehicle  
Bears me along that way.

**XI.**  
**SUMMER SHOWER**

**A** DROP fell on the apple tree,  
Another on the roof;  
A half a dozen kissed the eaves,  
And made the gables laugh.

A few went out to help the brook,  
That went to help the sea.  
Myself conjectured, Were they pearls,  
What necklaces could be!

The dust replaced in hoisted roads,  
The birds jocosely sung;  
The sunshine threw his hat away,  
The orchards spangles hung.

The breezes brought dejected lutes,  
And bathed them in the glee;  
The East put out a single flag,  
And signed the fête away.

**XII.**  
**PSALM OF THE DAY**

**A** SOMETHING in a summer's day,  
As slow her flambeaux burn away,  
Which solemnizes me;

A something in a summer's noon —  
An azure depth, a wordless tune,  
Transcending ecstasy;

And still within a summer's night  
A something so transporting bright,  
I clap my hands to see;

Then veil my too inspecting face,  
Lest such a subtle, shimmering grace  
Flutter too far for me.

The wizard-fingers never rest,  
The purple brook within the breast  
Still chafes its narrow bed;  
Still rears the East her amber flag,  
Guides still the sun along the crag  
His caravan of red.



Like flowers that heard the tale of dews,  
But never deemed the dripping prize  
Awaited their low brows;

Or bees, that thought the summer's name  
Some rumor of delirium  
No summer could for them;

Or Arctic creature, dimly stirred  
By tropic hint — some travelled bird  
Imported to the wood;

Or, wind's bright signal to the ear,  
Making that homely and severe,  
Contented, known before —  
The heaven unexpected came,  
To lives that thought their worshipping  
A too presumptuous psalm.

**XIII.  
THE SEA OF SUNSET**

**T**HIS is the land the sunset washes,  
These are the banks of the Yellow Sea;  
Where it rose, or whither it rushes,  
These are the western mystery!

Night after night, her purple traffic  
Strews the landing with opal bales;  
Merchantmen poise upon horizons,  
Dip, and vanish with fairy sails!

**XIV.  
PURPLE CLOVER**

**T**HERE is a flower that bees prefer,  
And butterflies desire;  
To gain the purple democrat  
The humming-birds aspire;  
And whatsoever insect pass,  
A honey bears away  
Proportioned to his several dearth  
And her capacity.

Her face is rounder than the moon,  
And ruddier than the gown  
Of orchis in the pasture,  
Or rhododendron worn.

She doth not wait for June;  
Before the world is green  
Her sturdy little countenance  
Against the wind is seen,  
Contending with the grass,  
Near kinsman to herself,  
For privilege of sod and sun,  
Sweet litigants for life.

And when the hills are full,  
And newer fashions blow,  
Doth not retract a single spice  
For pang of jealousy:  
Her public is the noon,  
Her providence the sun,  
Her progress by the bee proclaimed  
In sovereign, swerveless tune.

The bravest of the host,  
Surrendering the last,  
Nor even of defeat aware  
When cancelled by the frost.

**XV.**  
**THE BEE**

**L**IKE trains of cars on tracks of plush  
I hear the level bee:  
A jar across the flowers goes,  
Their velvet masonry  
Withstands until the sweet assault  
Their chivalry consumes,  
While he, victorious, tilts away  
To vanquish other blooms.

His feet are shod with gauze,  
His helmet is of gold;  
His breast, a single onyx  
With chrysoprase, inlaid.

His labor is a chant,  
His idleness a tune;  
Oh, for a bee's experience  
Of clovers and of noon!

**XVI.**

PRESENTIMENT is that long shadow  
on the lawn  
Indicative that suns go down;  
The notice to the startled grass  
That darkness is about to pass.

**XVII.**

**A**s children bid the guest good-night,  
And then reluctant turn,  
My flowers raise their pretty lips,  
Then put their nightgowns on.

As children caper when they wake,  
Merry that it is morn,  
My flowers from a hundred cribs  
Will peep, and prance again.

**XVIII.**

**A**NGELS, in the early morning,  
May be seen the dews among;  
Stooping, plucking, smiling, flying:  
Do the buds to them belong?

Angels, when the sun is hottest,  
May be seen the sands among:  
Stooping, plucking, sighing, flying, —  
Parched the flowers they bear along.



**XIX.**

SO bashful, when I spied her,  
So pretty, so ashamed!  
So hidden in her leaflets,  
Lest anybody find;

So breathless till I passed her,  
So helpless when I turned  
And bore her, struggling, blushing,  
Her simple haunts beyond!

For whom I robbed the dingle,  
For whom betrayed the dell,  
Many will doubtless ask me,  
But I shall never tell!

**XX.**  
**TWO WORLDS**

**I**T makes no difference abroad —  
The seasons fit the same,  
The mornings blossom into noons,  
And split their pods of flame.

Wild-flowers kindle in the woods,  
The brooks brag all the day;  
No blackbird bates his jargoning  
For passing Calvary.

*Auto-da-fé* and Judgment  
Are nothing to the bee;  
His separation from his rose  
To him seems misery.

**XXI.**  
**THE MOUNTAIN**

**T**HE mountain sat upon the plain  
In his eternal chair,  
His observation omnifold,  
His inquest everywhere.

The seasons played around his knees,  
Like children round a sire:  
Grandfather of the days is he,  
Of dawn, the ancestor.

**XXII.**  
**A DAY**

I'LL tell you how the sun rose —  
A ribbon at a time!  
The steeples swam in amethyst,  
The news like squirrels ran!

The hills untied their bonnets,  
The bobolinks begun;  
Then I said softly to myself,  
“That must have been the sun!”

\* \* \* \* \*

But how he set, I know not.  
There seemed a purple stile  
Which little yellow boys and girls  
Were climbing all the while,  
Till when they reached the other side,  
A dominie in gray  
Put gently up the evening bars,  
And led the flock away.

**XXIII.**

**T**HE butterfly's assumption-gown,  
In chrysoprase apartments hung,  
This afternoon put on.

How condescending to descend,  
And be of buttercups the friend  
In a New England town!

**XXIV.**  
**THE WIND**

**O**F all the sounds despatched abroad,  
There's not a charge to me  
Like that old measure in the boughs,  
That phraseless melody  
The wind does, working like a hand  
Whose fingers brush the sky,  
Then quiver down, with tufts of tune  
Permitted gods and me.

When winds go round and round in bands,  
And thrum upon the door,  
And birds take places overhead,  
To bear them orchestra;

I crave him grace, of summer boughs,  
If such an outcast be,  
He never heard that fleshless chant  
Rise solemn in the tree,  
As if some caravan of sound  
On deserts, in the sky,  
Had broken rank,  
Then knit — and passed  
In seamless company.

**XXV.**  
**DEATH AND LIFE**

**A**PPARENTLY with no surprise  
To any happy flower,  
The frost beheads it at its play  
In accidental power.

The blond assassin passes on,  
The sun proceeds unmoved  
To measure off another day  
For an approving God.



**XXVI.**

**'T** WAS later, when the summer went  
Than when the cricket came,  
And yet we knew that gentle clock  
Meant nought but going home.

'T was sooner, when the cricket went  
Than when the winter came,  
Yet that pathetic pendulum  
Keeps esoteric time.

**XXVII.**  
**INDIAN SUMMER**

**T**HESE are the days when birds come back,  
A very few, a bird or two,  
To take a backward look.

These are the days when skies put on  
The old, old sophistries of June —  
A blue and gold mistake.

Oh, fraud that cannot cheat the bee,  
Almost thy plausibility  
Induces my belief;

Till ranks of seeds their witness bear,  
And softly through the altered air  
Hurries a timid leaf!

Oh, sacrament of summer days,  
Oh, last communion in the haze,  
Permit a child to join;

Thy sacred emblems to partake,  
Thy consecrated bread to break,  
Taste thine immortal wine!

**XXVIII.  
AUTUMN**

**T**HE morns are meeker than they were,  
The nuts are getting brown;  
The berry's cheek is plumper,  
The rose is out of town.

The maple wears a gayer scarf,  
The field a scarlet gown.  
Lest I should be old-fashioned,  
I'll put a trinket on.

**XXIX.**  
**BECLOUDED**

**T**HE sky is low, the clouds are mean,  
A travelling flake of snow  
Across a barn or through a rut  
Debates, if it will go.

A narrow wind complains all day  
How some one treated him;  
Nature, like us, is sometimes caught  
Without her diadem.

**XXX.**  
**THE HEMLOCK**

**I** THINK the hemlock likes to stand  
Upon a marge of snow;  
It suits his own austerity,  
And satisfies an awe  
That men must slake in wilderness,  
Or in the desert cloy —  
An instinct for the hoar, the bald,  
Lapland's necessity.

The hemlock's nature thrives on cold;  
The gnash of northern winds  
Is sweetest nutriment to him,  
His best Norwegian wines.

To satin races he is nought;  
But children on the Don  
Beneath his tabernacles play,  
And Dnieper wrestlers run.

**XXXI.**

**T**HERE'S a certain slant of light,  
On winter afternoons,  
That oppresses, like the weight  
Of cathedral tunes.

Heavenly hurt it gives us;  
We can find no scar,  
But internal difference  
Where the meanings are.

None may teach it anything,  
'T is the seal, despair —  
An imperial affliction  
Sent us of the air.

When it comes, the landscape listens,  
Shadows hold their breath;  
When it goes, 't is like the distance  
On the look of death.

# TIME AND ETERNITY



I.

ONE dignity delays for all,  
One mitred afternoon.  
None can avoid this purple,  
None evade this crown.

Coach it insures, and footmen,  
Chamber, and state, and throng;  
Bells, also, in the village,  
As we ride grand along.

What dignified attendants,  
What service, when we pause!  
How loyally at parting  
Their hundred hats they raise!

How pomp surpassing ermine,  
When simple you and I  
Present our meek escutcheon,  
And claim the rank to die!

II.  
TOO LATE

DELAYED, till she had ceased to know,  
Delayed, till in its vest of snow  
Her loving bosom lay;  
An hour behind the fleeting breath,  
Later by just an hour than death —  
Oh, lagging yesterday!

Could she have guessed that it would be;  
Could but a crier of the glee  
Have climbed the distant hill;  
Had not the bliss so slow a pace, —  
Who knows, but this surrendered face  
Were undefeated still?

Oh, if there may departing be  
Any forgot by Victory  
In her imperial round,  
Show them this meek apparelled thing,  
That could not stop to be a king;  
Doubtful, if it be crowned!

**III.**  
**ASTRA CASTRA**

**D**EPARTED to the judgment,  
A mighty afternoon;  
Great clouds like ushers leaning,  
Creation looking on.

The flesh surrendered, cancelled,  
The bodiless begun;  
Two worlds, like audiences, disperse  
And leave the soul alone.

IV.

SAFE in their alabaster chambers,  
Untouched by morning and untouched by  
noon,  
Sleep the meek members of the resurrection,  
Rafter of satin, and roof of stone.

Light laughs the breeze in her castle of sunshine;  
Babbles the bee in a stolid ear;  
Pipe the sweet birds in ignorant cadence —  
Ah, what sagacity perished here!

Grand go the years in the crescent above them;  
Worlds scoop their arcs, and firmaments row,  
Diadems drop and Doges surrender,  
Soundless as dots on a disk of snow.

V.

ON this long storm the rainbow rose,  
On this late morn the sun;  
The clouds, like listless elephants,  
Horizons straggled down.

The birds rose smiling in their nests,  
The gales indeed were done;  
Alas! how heedless were the eyes  
On whom the summer shone!

The quiet nonchalance of death  
No daybreak can bestir;  
The slow, archangel's syllables  
Must awaken her.

**VI.**  
**FROM THE CHRYSALIS**

**M**<sup>Y</sup> cocoon tightens, colors tease,  
I'm feeling for the air;  
A dim capacity for wings  
Degrades the dress I wear.

A power of butterfly must be  
The aptitude to fly;  
Meadows of majesty concede  
And easy sweep of sky.

So I must baffle at the hint  
And cipher at the sign,  
And make much blunder, if at last  
I take the clew divine.

**VII.  
SETTING SAIL**

**E**XULTATION is the going  
Of an inland soul to sea —  
Past the houses, past the headlands,  
Into deep eternity!

Bred as we, among the mountains,  
Can the sailor understand  
The divine intoxication  
Of the first league out from land?

**VIII.**

LOOK back on time with kindly eyes,  
He doubtless did his best;  
How softly sinks his trembling sun  
In human nature's west!



**IX.**

A TRAIN went through a burial gate,  
A bird broke forth and sang,  
And trilled, and quivered, and shook his throat  
Till all the churchyard rang;  
And then adjusted his little notes,  
And bowed and sang again.  
Doubtless, he thought it meet of him  
To say good-by to men.

**X.**

**I** DIED for beauty, but was scarce  
Adjusted in the tomb,  
When one who died for truth was lain  
In an adjoining room.

He questioned softly, why I failed?  
“For beauty,” I replied.  
“And I for truth, — the two are one;  
We brethren are,” he said.

And so, as kinsmen met a night,  
We talked between the rooms,  
Until the moss had reached our lips,  
And covered up our names.

**XI.**

**“TROUBLED ABOUT MANY THINGS”**

**H**OW many times these low feet staggered,  
Only the soldered mouth can tell;  
Try! can you stir the awful rivet?  
Try! can you lift the hasps of steel?

Stroke the cool forehead, hot so often,  
Lift, if you can, the listless hair;  
Handle the adamantine fingers —  
Never a thimble more shall wear.

Buzz the dull flies on the chamber window;  
Brave shines the sun through the freckled pane;  
Fearless, the cobweb swings from the ceiling —  
Indolent housewife, in daisies lain!

**XII.  
REAL**

**I** LIKE a look of agony,  
Because I know it's true;  
Men do not sham convulsion,  
Nor simulate a throe.

The eyes glaze once, and that is death.  
Impossible to feign  
The beads upon the forehead  
By homely anguish strung.

**XIII.  
THE FUNERAL**

**T**HAT short, potential stir  
That each can make, but once;  
That bustle so illustrious  
'T is almost consequence,  
Is the *éclat* of death.

Oh, thou unknown renown  
That not a beggar would accept,  
Had he the power to spurn!

**XIV.**

I WENT to thank her,  
But she slept.  
Her bed a funnelled stone,  
With nosegays at the head and foot,  
That travellers had thrown,  
Who went to thank her;  
But she slept.

'T was short, to cross the sea,  
To look upon her like, alive;  
But turning back — 't was slow.

**XV.**

I'VE seen a dying eye  
Run round and round a room  
In search of something, as it seemed,  
Then cloudier become;  
And then, obscure with fog,  
And then be soldered down,  
Without disclosing what it be,  
'T were blessed to have seen.

**XVI.  
REFUGE**

**T**HE clouds their backs together laid,  
The north begun to push;  
The forests galloped till they fell,  
The lightning skipped like mice,  
The thunder crumbled like stuff, —  
How good to be safe in tombs,  
Where nature's temper cannot reach,  
Nor vengeance ever comes!



**XVII.**

**I** NEVER saw a moor,  
I never saw the sea;  
Yet know I how the heather looks,  
And what a wave must be.

I never spoke with God,  
Nor visited in Heaven;  
Yet certain am I of the spot  
As if the chart were given.

**XVIII.**  
**PLAYMATES**

**G**OD permits industrious angels  
Afternoons to play.  
I met one, — forgot my school-mates,  
All, for him, straightway.

God calls home the angels promptly  
At the setting sun;  
I missed mine. How dreary marbles,  
After playing Crown!

**XIX.**

**T**O know just how he suffered would be dear;  
To know if any human eyes were near  
To whom he could intrust his wavering gaze,  
Until it settled firm on Paradise.

To know if he was patient, part content,  
Was dying as he thought, or different;  
Was it a pleasant day to die,  
And did the sunshine face his way?

What was his furthest mind, of home, or God,  
Or what the distant say  
At news that he ceased human nature  
On such a day?

And wishes, had he any?  
Just his sigh, accented,  
Had been legible to me.  
And was he confident until  
Ill fluttered out in everlasting well?

And if he spoke, what name was best,  
What first,  
What one broke off with  
At the drowsiest?

Was he afraid, or tranquil?  
Might he know  
How conscious consciousness could grow,  
Till love that was, and love too blest to be,  
Meet — and the junction be Eternity?

**XX.**

**T**HE last night that she lived,  
It was a common night,  
Except the dying; this to us  
Made nature different.

We noticed smallest things —  
Things overlooked before,  
By this great light upon our minds  
Italicized, as 't were.

That others could exist  
While she must finish quite,  
A jealousy for her arose  
So nearly infinite.

We waited while she passed;  
It was a narrow time,  
Too jostled were our souls to speak,  
At length the notice came.

She mentioned, and forgot;  
Then lightly as a reed  
Bent to the water, shivered scarce,  
Consented, and was dead.

And we, we placed the hair,  
And drew the head erect;  
And then, an awful leisure was  
Our faith to regulate.

**XXI.**  
**THE FIRST LESSON**

**N**OT in this world to see his face  
Sounds long, until I read the place  
Where this is said to be;  
But just the primer to a life  
Unopened, rare, upon the shelf,  
Clasped yet to him and me.

And yet, my primer suits me so,  
I would not choose a book to know  
Than that, be sweeter wise;  
Might some one else so learned be,  
And leave me just my A B C,  
Himself could have the skies.

**XXII.**

**T**HE bustle in a house  
The morning after death  
Is solemnest of industries  
Enacted upon earth —  
The sweeping up the heart,  
And putting love away:  
We shall not want to use again  
Until eternity.



**XXIII.**

I REASON, earth is short,  
And anguish absolute,  
And many hurt;  
But what of that?

I reason, we could die:  
The best vitality  
Cannot excel decay;  
But what of that?

I reason that in heaven  
Somehow, it will be even,  
Some new equation given;  
But what of that?

**XXIV.**

**A**FRAID? Of whom am I afraid?  
Not death; for who is he?  
The porter of my father's lodge  
As much abasheth me.

Of life? 'T were odd I fear a thing  
That comprehendeth me  
In one or more existences  
At Deity's decree.

Of resurrection? Is the east  
Afraid to trust the morn  
With her fastidious forehead?  
As soon impeach my crown!

**XXV.**  
**DYING**

**T**HE sun kept setting, setting still;  
No hue of afternoon  
Upon the village I perceived —  
From house to house, 't was noon.

The dusk kept dropping, dropping still;  
No dew upon the grass,  
But only on my forehead stopped,  
And wandered in my face.

My feet kept drowsing, drowsing still,  
My fingers were awake;  
Yet why so little sound myself  
Unto my seeming make?

How well I knew the light before!  
I could not see it now.  
'T is dying, I am doing; but  
I'm not afraid to know.

**XXVI.**

**T**WO swimmers wrestled on the spar  
Until the morning sun,  
When one turned smiling to the land.  
O God, the other one!

The stray ships passing spied a face  
Upon the waters borne,  
With eyes in death still begging raised,  
And hands beseeching thrown.

**XXVII.**  
**THE CHARIOT**

**B**ECAUSE I could not stop for Death,  
He kindly stopped for me;  
The carriage held but just ourselves  
And Immortality.

We slowly drove, he knew no haste,  
And I had put away  
My labor, and my leisure too,  
For his civility.

We passed the school where children played,  
Their lessons scarcely done;  
We passed the fields of gazing grain,  
We passed the setting sun.

We paused before a house that seemed  
A swelling of the ground;  
The roof was scarcely visible,  
The cornice but a mound.

Since then 't is centuries; but each  
Feels shorter than the day;  
I first surmised, the horses' heads  
Were toward eternity.

**XXVIII.**

**S**HE went as quiet as the dew  
From a familiar flower.  
Not like the dew did she return  
At the accustomed hour!

She dropt as softly as a star  
From out my summer's eve;  
Less skillful than Le Verrier  
It's sorer to believe!

**XXIX.**  
**RESURGAM**

**A**T last to be identified!  
At last, the lamps upon thy side,  
The rest of life to see!

Past midnight, past the morning star!  
Past sunrise! Ah! what leagues there are  
Between our feet and day!



**XXX.**

**E**XCEPT to heaven, she is nought;  
Except for angels, lone;  
Except to some wide-wandering bee,  
A flower superfluous blown;

Except for winds, provincial;  
Except by butterflies,  
Unnoticed as a single dew  
That on the acre lies.

The smallest housewife in the grass,  
Yet take her from the lawn,  
And somebody has lost the face  
That made existence home!

**XXXI.**

**D**EATH is a dialogue between  
The spirit and the dust.  
“Dissolve,” says Death. The Spirit, “Sir,  
I have another trust.”

Death doubts it, argues from the ground.  
The Spirit turns away,  
Just laying off, for evidence,  
An overcoat of clay.

**XXXII.**

**I**T was too late for man,  
But early yet for God;  
Creation impotent to help,  
But prayer remained our side.

How excellent the heaven,  
When earth cannot be had;  
How hospitable, then, the face  
Of our old neighbor, God!

**XXXIII.**  
**ALONG THE POTOMAC**

**W**HEN I was small, a woman died.  
To-day her only boy  
Went up from the Potomac,  
His face all victory.

To look at her; how slowly  
The seasons must have turned  
Till bullets clipt an angle,  
And he passed quickly round!

If pride shall be in Paradise  
I never can decide;  
Of their imperial conduct  
No person testified.

But proud in apparition,  
That woman and her boy  
Pass back and forth before my brain,  
As ever in the sky.

**XXXIV.**

**T**HE daisy follows soft the sun,  
And when his golden walk is done,  
Sits shyly at his feet.  
He, waking, finds the flower near.  
“Wherefore, marauder, art thou here?”  
“Because, sir, love is sweet!”

We are the flower, Thou the sun!  
Forgive us, if as days decline,  
We nearer steal to Thee —  
Enamoured of the parting west,  
The peace, the flight, the amethyst,  
Night’s possibility!

**XXXV.**  
**EMANCIPATION**

**N**O rack can torture me,  
My soul's at liberty.  
Behind this mortal bone  
There knits a bolder one:  
You cannot prick with saw,  
Nor rend with scymitar.  
Two bodies therefore be;  
Bind one, and one will flee.

The eagle of his nest  
No easier divest  
And gain the sky,  
Than mayest thou;

Except thyself may be  
Thine enemy;  
Captivity is consciousness,  
So's liberty.

**XXXVI.**

**LOST**

**I** LOST a world the other day.  
Has anybody found?  
You'll know it by the row of stars  
Around its forehead bound.

A rich man might not notice it;  
Yet to my frugal eye  
Of more esteem than ducats.  
Oh, find it, sir, for me!

**XXXVII.**

**I**F I shouldn't be alive  
When the robins come,  
Give the one in red cravat  
A memorial crumb.

If I couldn't thank you,  
Being just asleep,  
You will know I'm trying  
With my granite lip!



**XXXVIII.**

SLEEP is supposed to be,  
By souls of sanity,  
The shutting of the eye.

Sleep is the station grand  
Down which on either hand  
The hosts of witness stand!

Morn is supposed to be,  
By people of degree,  
The breaking of the day.

Morning has not occurred!  
That shall aurora be  
East of eternity;

One with the banner gay,  
One in the red array —  
That is the break of day!

**XXXIX.**

I SHALL know why, when time is over,  
And I have ceased to wonder why;  
Christ will explain each separate anguish  
In the fair schoolroom of the sky.

He will tell me what Peter promised,  
And I, for wonder at his woe,  
I shall forget the drop of anguish  
That scalds me now, that scalds me now.

**XL.**

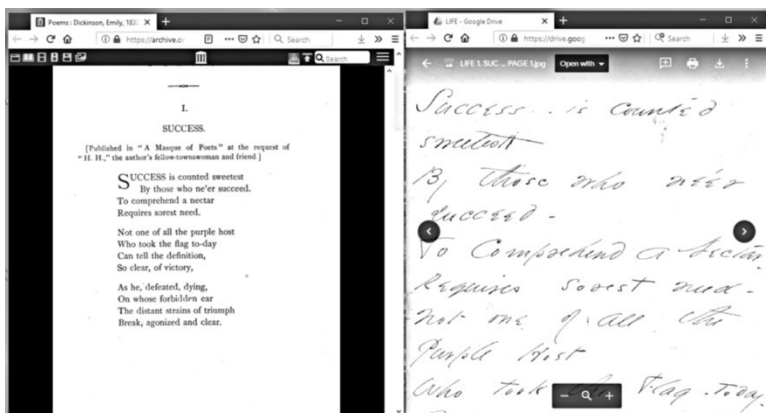
I NEVER lost as much but twice,  
And that was in the sod;  
Twice have I stood a beggar  
Before the door of God!

Angels, twice descending,  
Reimbursed my store.  
Burglar, banker, father,  
I am poor once more!

## FASCICLE COPIES AND PRINT: PIECE BY PIECE

THE first print of Emily Dickinson's poetry in 1890, by Thomas Wentworth Higginson and Mabel Loomis Todd, became criticized as a heavy edit on the original poetry. For his publication of 1955, Thomas Herbert Johnson used fascicle copies. We may compare the copies, the first print, and — where necessary — Johnson's edition as well, to have a view.

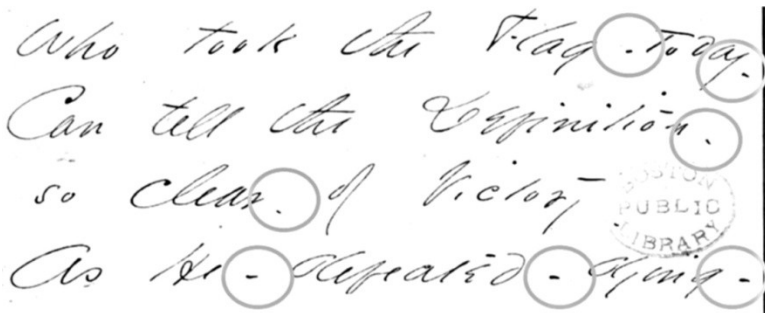
At [teresapelka.com](http://teresapelka.com), my *Resource for Emily Dickinson's poetry* links to fascicle copies arranged according to the first print. It is enough we open two browser windows.



Emily Dickinson reportedly tolerated advice by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who also was her long time acquaintance. She wrote him in a letter: *Thank you for the surgery; it was not so painful as I supposed. I bring you others, as you ask, though they might not differ* (as published in *The Atlantic*).

The first print yet limps, mostly on the shape of the stanza, and I wanted an edition for my happy bookshelf, that is, one to make me really glad.

Johnson used primarily hyphens or dashes, and Higginson and Todd used regular punctuation, for what looks to be structure markup in manuscript samples. Let us view sample J67, the *Success*.

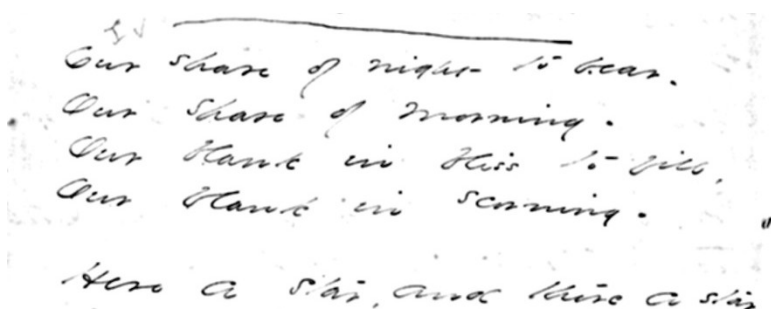


Who took the Flag - today -  
Can tell the Espinasion -  
so clear - of Victory -  
As he - repeated - long -

A circular library stamp is visible on the right side of the manuscript, partially overlapping the text. The stamp contains the words "BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY".

The markup is neither punctuation, nor hyphens or dashes. In J67, we have markup around the words *today* or *defeated*. Thomas Johnson separated the word *dying* with dashes, and chose punctuation as in the *Masque of Poets* for other words. He was arbitrary, if we compare Higginson and Todd, who followed standard punctuation.

Johnson's editorial despotism afflicted most pieces. It is not only in sample J113, *Our Share of Night*, that line end structure tags do not look like dashes at all.



**Johnson's print:**

*Our share of night to bear —*

*Our share of morning —*

*Our blank in bliss to fill*

*Our blank in scorning —*

The dash alone expands or highlights on thought; with a comma, it marks off a phrasal antecedent. With Johnson's overuse, both the roles are lost.

Obvious punctuation, as the comma for non-defining time clauses, happens to be omitted in the manuscripts.

*So bashful\_when I spied her...* (Nature XIX)

The flower or herb is not a metaphor; the poetic person carries it. The plant is "shy" — grows in foliage — it does not become hidden the moment the person approaches. *As children bid the guest*, in Nature XVII, does give flowers eyes and lips, but with affection that does not use touch: the poet muses on times of day and plant behavior (some close their chalices at night) only as an observer.

For the following comparison, I mostly note on differences in words and phrases. Punctuation becomes part of the picture only when the happy shelf requires, and I mark adjustment as {P}. Thematic rearrangement is marked as {T}, spel-

ling as {S}, and grammar as {G}. Where the first print and manuscript sample agree in word content, I mark it **A**, and include from the first print as-is, unless the other markup would apply.

## LIFE

### I. Success {T}

Johnson has the poem conclude as,

*The distant strains of triumph*

***Burst*** agonized and ***clear!***

As the strains are distant, and the enemy's victory transient, Higginson and Todd make better sense:

*The **distant** strains of triumph*

***Break,*** agonized and ***clear.***

A broken triumph allows a moment of quiet, where the poet would be the only one to give a shout, with the exclamation. My happy shelf resolve: the first print content, with a thematic layout as in the *Masque of Poets*.

### II. Our Share of Night to Bear / A

Fascicle and Johnson punctuation:



*Some lose their **way**!*

The first print:

*Some lose their **way**.*

*Afterwards — **day**!*

Punctuation characters as the exclamation, question, or dash, decrease in strength and appeal with overuse. I follow the first print.

### III. Rouge et Noir / A {P}

#### IV. Rouge Gagne {S}

First print content:

*Life is but life, and death but death!*

*Bliss is but bliss, and breath but breath!*

*And if, indeed, I **fail**,*

*At least to know the worst is sweet.*

*Defeat means nothing but defeat,*

*No drearier can **prevail**!*

Fascicle P90-4, J172:

*No drearier can **befall**!*

Trente et Quarante is a card game. In one context with belief and promise of afterlife, the verb *to*

*befall* would implicate predestination: people would be saved or condemned regardless of own conduct. The poetry does not evidence such faith (compare *If I Can Stop One Heart from Breaking*), and the card game is won based on prevalence. My happy shelf: the first print, *Heaven* capitalized, for the standard reference to religion.

## V. Glee! The Great Storm Is Over! {P}

Johnson's edit disregards fascicle suggested corrections:

*Then a **softness** — suffuse the **Story** —*

*And a **silence** — the Teller's **eye** —*

*And the Children — no further question*

*And only the Sea — reply*

The first print is preferable also for verb agreement:

*Then a **silence** suffuses the **story**,*

*And a **softness** the teller's **eye**;*

*And the children no further question,*

*And only the **waves** **reply**.*

## VI. If I Can Stop One Heart from Breaking / A

### VII. Almost! {P} {T}

Fascicle copy and Johnson:

*So unsuspected Violets*

*Within the meadows **go** —*

*Too late for striving fingers*

*That passed, an hour **ago!***

The first print:

*So unsuspected violets*

*Within the fields lie **low;***

*Too late for striving fingers*

*That passed, an hour **ago.***

The poem is about a countryside walk, which brings locomotion into the picture, and violets never go anywhere on their own. Repetitiveness on short lexical items of close shapes, as *go* ~ *ago*, is stylistically weak for a finished poetic form. High vowels gain, in the phrase *within the fields lie low*. My happy shelf follows the first print, with

a thematic layout, one more comma, and one more exclamation mark:

*So unsuspected**d**, violets... An hour **ago**!*

### VIII. A Wounded Deer Leaps Highest / A

### IX. The Heart Asks Pleasure First / A

Sample J536 shows Johnson's edit ignore fascicle suggested correction; Johnson says:

*The **privilege** to die —*

Higginson and Todd say:

*The **liberty** to die.*

For a heart as human emotion to belong with the soul as well, it is *liberty* to make sense; a *privilege* might imply anticipation of a torturous life, after death as well, absent from the poetry. Please compare *Rouge Gagne* (Life IV) and Webster 1828, for *paregoric*, *elixir*, and *inquiry*, as correlate with *truth*.

### X. In a Library {T}

Sample J371 is probably of the greatest variance of all, in shapes for the letter T. Lexemic repeti-

tiveness, as *of man/a man, ascertain/certainty* might induce special emphasis on the last syllable, in the verb *to ascertain*: an effect the poetry does not employ (and people may read time and again, with pleasure). Johnson:

*His quaint opinions — to inspect —*

*His thought to **ascertain***

*On Themes concern our mutual mind —*

*The Literature **of Man** —*

*What interested Scholars — most —*

*What Competitions ran —*

*When Plato — was a **Certainty** —*

*And Sophocles — **a Man** —*

*... As One should come to Town —*

*And tell you all your Dreams — were true —*

*He lived — where **Dreams** were **born** —*

**The first print:**

*His quaint opinions to inspect,*

*His knowledge to **unfold***

*On what concerns our mutual mind,  
The literature **of old**;*

*What interested scholars most,  
What competitions **ran**  
When Plato was a certainty,  
And Sophocles **a man**;*

*... As one should come to town  
And tell you all your dreams were true:  
He lived where **dreams** were **sown**.*

My happy shelf: the first print with the content  
arranged into thematic stanzas, that is, regardless  
of classicist strict proportion.

#### **XI. Much Madness Is Divinest Sense / A {P}**

Please compare the Introduction for the Latin and  
Greek in the poetry.

#### **XII. I Asked No Other Thing / A**

Johnson's edit ignores a suggested correction.

*I asked no other thing —  
No other — was denied —*

*I offered Being — for it —  
The Mighty Merchant **sneered** —*

My happy shelf: the first print.  
*I asked no other thing,  
No other was denied.  
I offered Being for it;  
The mighty merchant **smiled**.*

### **XIII. Exclusion**

Johnson's edit ignores corrections altogether. The first print does not have *lids* for *valves*: with a woman figure in the picture, lids collocate with eyelids, and stone would make a heavy impression; valves might bring on a heart, firm against influence (the woman's gate is "low"). *Rush* may remain ignored, as most doormats were made of rush, before synthetic rubber.

### **XIV. The Secret / A {P}**

### **XV. The Lonely House / A {P}**

My happy shelf: I accept one idea for edit, for the sake of high vowels, *antique* in the place of *ancient*.

**XVI. To Fight Aloud Is Very Brave / A {P}**

**XVII. Dawn / A {T}**

**XVIII. The Book of Martyrs / A {P}**

**XIX. The Mystery of Pain**

There is no image available from Emily Dickinson Archive. Johnson uses a potentially dialectal shape, *begun*, where the first print has the regular second form, *began*. His edit does not have the noun *realms*; it brings a thought of syntactic government in the first print:

*Its infinite realms contain...*

Johnson: *Its Infinite contain...*

Please compare the Introduction, for word sense and human living experience.

**XX. I Taste a Liquor Never Brewed / A**

Thomas Johnson printed quotes on *landlords* and *drams*, which brought redundant literalness, for *drunken Bees at the foxglove's door, inns of molten blue*, and other phrases of poetic imagery.

**XXI. A Book / A {T}**



## XXII. I Had No Time to Hate

There is no image available from Emily Dickinson Archive. Where the first print reports, the *sub-junctivus* is Thomas Johnson's resolve:

*The little Toil of Love —*

*I thought*

***Be*** large enough for Me —

My happy shelf follows the first print, as evaluation happens to change also in feelings.

*The little toil of love, I thought,*

***Was*** large enough for me.

## XXIII. Unreturning / A

## XXIV. Whether My Bark Went Down at Sea /

A {T}

## XXV. Belshazzar Had a Letter / A {P}

My shelf: I adjust the punctuation, to avoid the impression there might be a conjunctive missing.

*Belshazzar's correspondent*

*Conclude**d** — and begun*

*In that immortal copy:*

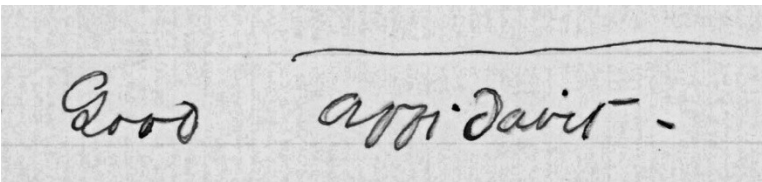
*The conscience of us all  
Can read without its glasses  
On revelation's wall.*

## **XXVI. The Brain within Its Groove / A**

### **LOVE**

#### **I. Mine {P}**

Sample J528 proposes alterations, as *bolts* for the place of *bars*, and *while the ages steal* for *long as ages steal*; a good *affidavit* would be to replace the *delirious charter*. The sample is suggestive of “onion skin exercise”, practice in following written characters in line, on semi-transparent paper.



The above compares with counterfeit; the regular practice of the times was to copy below handwritten samples, to learn to write. It might result in alternate letter shapes, please compare the shape H, for *In Vain*, further in the text here.

## II. Bequest {P}

The fascicle copy has the word shape “sire” in the place of “sweet”. Please compare the Introduction and the note right next here.

## III. Alter?

The manuscript sample has the word shape “sir” in the place of “friend”, and exclamations in places for question marks. The contextual *daffodil* yet makes an association friendly, rather than that for a difference in status or other quality. Question marks accord with friendly enthusiasm better. Please compare Webster 1828, *to daff*: to toss aside, to put off.

## IV. Suspense / A

## V. Surrender {P}

The first print does not have the manuscript last stanza (J275). The first stanza tells about a book that briefly describes God, and the phrase *the whole of me* is a development on sufficiency of such description. The book is probably a dictionary.

If to change the object of thought from a book to a man, the fascicle stanza would be imposing a picture of an intimate affair, with its reference to body parts, *brow to barefoot*: the woman would be promising whether life or love, intimately to be worthy of God.

Most of the difference between the first print and handwritten copies looks a bad joke on the poet — a single woman — implying that she was mad about finding a man. In the *Library*, the fascicle lines for *ascertaining* and *man*, would be followed by an idea as a *born Dream*.

Let us avoid comment on Emily Dickinson's privacy, as there is nobody able to claim having been invited. Only as a person to tell what there shows — the contrary is probable, Emily Dickinson was not desperate to find company. Her close friend died, and she was unwilling to have another. She reportedly wrote to Thomas Higginson: *When a little girl, I had a friend who taught me Immortality*;

*but venturing too near, himself, he never returned (as published in *The Atlantic*).*

*Along the Potomac, Time and Eternity XXXIII:*

*When I was small, a woman died.*

*... Proud in apparition,*

*That woman and her boy*

*Pass back and forth before my brain,*

*As ever in the sky.*

The *Proof* (Love, VIII) would tell about an acquaintance that did not begin as a love affair:

*That I did always love,*

*I bring thee proof:*

*That till I loved*

*I did not love enough.*

It is not only the change in the object of thought to make me believe the fascicle stanza for the *Surrender* is an insertion. The first print is a collection of pieces to look verbally correlate with Webster 1828, whereas the fascicle stanza — if to sustain and reflect — might correlate with another dictionary and fascicle notes for the

poem *Mine*, but not with the *Surrender* as in the first print or Webster. (The first print does not have the “corrections” for *Mine* either.) Let me explain how we can correlate with a dictionary.

It is probably a natural thought, also with early use of dictionaries, that words occur: not only as entries, but in definitions as well. My early experience was with a Latin-Polish dictionary by Łukasz Koncewicz, where I was able to use entries only if the word shape was similar due to etymology. I was just a curious kid.

Let us take up a few word shapes, as *grave* from the Latin *gravis*, *bay* from the Latin *baia*, and *triangle* from *triangulum*. We read the dictionary for the selected words. Webster 1828 has all our three shapes meet on display page 232, in the entry **base**.

Here we go: the sense can be as *the lowest or **gravest** part in music* (There’s a Certain Slant of Light, Nature XXXI); it can be *a rustic play, called also **bays**, or **prison bars*** (Mine, Love I) and we

can learn that *any side of a **triangle** may be called its base, but this term most properly belongs to the side which is parallel to **the horizon***. For this sense, we may try *One Dignity*, Time and Eternity I.

If we look up Webster 1828 for *bolts*, as suggested for editing the poem *Mine*, along with the Gray's Inn, the name Emerson will surface over the Internet, with the King's Bench and Common Pleas, for the "onion skin" *good affidavit*.<sup>15</sup>

The "insertion dictionary" might have been that by Joseph Emerson Worcester. His competition against Webster became described as a "dictionary war": Noah Webster would Americanize, and Joseph Worcester "Britishize".<sup>16</sup> Fascicle insertions and alterations would not have been made by a friend.

Worcester's was the dictionary "on which, as is well known, the literary men of this metropolis are by special statute allowed to be sworn in place of the Bible", wrote Oliver Wendell Holmes senior (1809 – 1894), a medic and author from

Boston, one of the Fireside Poets. I do not imply him for the author of the *good affidavit*. For some more of my angle on the *Surrender*, please compare the Introduction, about human living experience.

## **VI. If You Were Coming in the Fall**

Having “gotten it off my chest” in the preceding note, I add here that my happy shelf is definitely not into the fascicle version for this poem as well. I describe my reservations in the Introduction and keep the first print.

## **VII. With a Flower / A**

## **VIII. Proof / A**

## **IX. Have You Got a Brook in Your Little Heart**

The first print:

***Then*** look out for the little brook in March...

Fascicle handwriting and Johnson:

***Why***, look out for the little brook in March...

The fascicle stanza to follow has the phrase *and later*, underlined; the invocatory *why* continues to



be used when telling “what there would be to miss out on”, as it suggests for the *Transplanted*, right next in the first print.

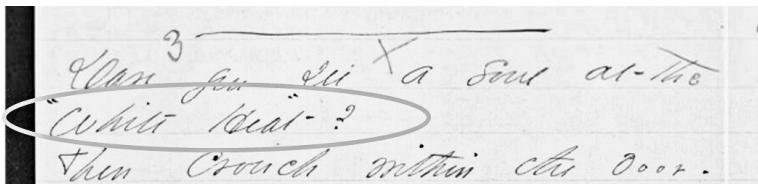
**X. Transplanted / A {P} {T}**

**XI. The Outlet / A {T}**

**XII. In Vain {P} {T}**

Fascicle copy J640 has an atypical letter shape “x”. An edit as *consequence* in the place of *excellence* would imply predestination (please compare *Rouge Gagne*). *Exercise* for *sustenance*, and *white* instead of the first print *pale*, *privilege* to be deleted, there is no suggestion for replacement.

*White* appears along with *fire* in the insertion for *Surrender*, too. In turn, an alternate character H may visually give an impression as “white ideal”, for the “White Heat” (J365).



The *White Heat* does not look a piece to belong with the *Hemlock* (Nature, XXX). A quote from

Ralph Waldo Emerson might come to mind, “Philosophically considered, the universe is composed of Nature and the Soul”.<sup>17</sup> The fascicles yet have no consequence for the notation, and the pieces do not agree in their poetic mood.

**XIII. Renunciation / A** (copy F325)

**XIV. Love’s Baptism / A** (copy P90-40)

**XV. Resurrection / A {T}**

**XVI. Apocalypse {S}**

Fascicle copy:

*How odd the girl’s life **looks***

*Behind this soft eclipse*

*I think that Earth **feels** so*

*To **folks** in Heaven now*

The first print:

*How odd the girl’s life **looks***

*Behind this soft eclipse!*

*I think that earth **seems** so*

*To **those** in heaven now.*

The word shape “folks” would be strangely colloquial, with regard to Emily Dickinson’s style generally, and the verb *to seem* is better than the verb *to feel*, to get along with the verb *to look*. The first print does not capitalize the *Earth* and *Heaven*, which I do for the sake of my happy shelf and the language standard.

**XVII. The Wife {P} {T}**

Fascicle copy: *in using wear away*; first print: *in using wore away*. My happy shelf: the first print with thematic stanzas.

**XVIII. Apotheosis / A {P} {T}**

**NATURE**

**I. New Feet within My Garden Go / A**

**II. May-Flower / A {T}**

**III. Why? / A**

**IV. Perhaps You’d Like to Buy  
a Flower? / A {T}**

**V. The Pedigree of Honey / A**

**VI. A Service of Song / A {P}**

## VII. The Bee Is Not Afraid of Me / A

Sample P90-51 has the piece noted on the same page with *Success*.

## VIII. Summer's Armies / A {P} {T}

## IX. The Grass {P}

Sample F379 has suggestions for edit the first print does not include.

## X. A Little Road Not Made of Man {P}

There is no image from Emily Dickinson Archive available. I follow the first print:

*If town it have, beyond itself,*

*'T is that I cannot say;*

*I only sigh, no vehicle*

*Bears me along that way.*

Johnson:

*If Town it have — beyond itself —*

*'T is that — I cannot say —*

*I only know —no Curricl that rumble there*

*Bear Me —*

## XI. Summer Shower / A

## XII. Psalm of the Day {P} {T}

The poem was preserved on separate sheets of paper; Johnson dated the two sheets for 1858 and 1862, and regarded them as two individual poems. He gave the “first part” an end that does not persuade — it interrupts a development:

*So looking on — the night — the morn*

*Conclude the wonder gay —*

*And I meet, coming thro’ the dews*

*Another summer’s Day!*

The first print holds the matter together, and lets the piece develop until another dawn:

*The heaven unexpected came,*

*To lives that thought their worshipping*

*A too presumptuous psalm.*

The first print has phrasal development in the first stanza:

*A something in a summer’s noon,*

***An azure depth, a wordless tune,***

*Transcending ecstasy.*

The fascicle copy and Johnson remain limited to nouns.

*A something in a summer's noon —*

***A depth — an Azure — a perfume —***

*Transcending ecstasy.*

Fascicle handwriting has phonemic repetitiveness:

*Like flowers that heard the **news** of **dews**...*

The first print:

*Like flowers that heard the **tales** of **dews**...*

### **XIII. The Sea of Sunset {P}**

Fascicle and Johnson copies have merchantmen “vanish like orioles”, where the visual effect a bird might give jumping off a fence does not have any appeal as an idea for human business. More, the word shape “orioles” is likely to bring linguistic equivalence; we might say (orioleez) or (orioulz), and that is maybe a minor, yet a hindrance, for a position as stanza (and poem) end. I follow the first print: *vanish with fairy sails*.

**XIV. Purple Clover {P} {T}**

Fascicle copy:

*Her sturdy little countenance*

*Against the wind **be** seen...*

The first print: ***is** seen*. My happy shelf: the first print and thematic stanzas.

**XV. The Bee / A {T}**

**XVI. Presentiment / A**

**XVII. As Children Bid the Guest**

**Good-Night / A**

**XVIII. Angels in the Early Morning / A {P}**

**XIX. So Bashful, When I Spied Her / A {P}**

**XX. Two Worlds / A {P} {S}**

I capitalize *Judgment*, for a standard reference to religion.

**XXI. The Mountain / A {P}**

**XXII. A Day / A {P} {T}**

**XXIII. The Butterfly's Assumption-Gown / A**

#### XXIV. The Wind {P} {T}

I believe the fascicle copy has an insertion of 12 lines. The style does not occur anywhere except suspected inserts. As with the *Surrender*, the following features are the most diagnostic.

- Personal projection on anthropomorphism:  
The object of thought becomes shifted from non-human (here, a wind) to invoke body parts.

Original anthropomorphism:

*The wind does, working **like a hand***

*Whose fingers brush the sky...*

The personal projection in the insert:

*Inheritance, it is, **to us...***

*...gotten not of **fingers** —*

*And inner than the **Bone** —*

The “hand” by the first print wind does not have even one bone, and own self receives a different treatment in the *Emancipation*. For the *Surrender*, an insert would project a male onto a dictionary.

- Antinomy or contradiction on material existence.



A meteorological phenomenon as a wind might be inheritance to a human being, tells the fragment, only to place an “origin” for physical motion with human remains:

*And even in the Urn,*

*I cannot vouch the merry **Dust***

*Do not **arise** and play...*

With the *Surrender*, an insert says a woman would make a gift of dust — as if earthly precipitation of dirt particles was what people might cherish in “some distant heaven”. The third grammatical person replaces the first, for the poetic person.

- Atypical verb phrase, infixed in *The Wind*:

*Beyond the trait **to take away***

***By Robber...***

We may compare *The Lonely House*, regardless of material existence and verb phrases as well. Just to note, sample F334A is the only to have one word for the top, first line entire, and the word is *overhead*. For atypical predicates, we also have a note with *The Chariot*.

XXV. Death and Life / A {T}

XXVI. 'T Was Later When the Summer  
Went / A {P}

XXVII. Indian Summer {P}

The first print:

*These are the days when skies **put on...***

Fascicle copy and Johnson: **resume**.

The phrasal verb *to put on* makes sense as *to dress up*, *pretend*; real June is no fraud on the bee (see the stanza to follow right next). *To resume* would make a vowel contour to stress the same vowel quality, [ū], in four consecutive lines — an idea also verses by Carl Sandburg do not promote.

Johnson concludes with the following lines:

*Oh Last Communion in the Haze —*

*Permit a child to join.*

*Thy sacred emblems to **partake** —*

*Thy consecrated bread to **take***

***And** thine immortal wine!*

*Partake* and *take* are the lexemic repetitiveness as for Life VII, *Almost*. A poet may “get away with

it” only in humorous pieces, let us compare the *Assumption Gown*. More, Webster 1828 explains **communion** as *giving and receiving* — the first print persuades, not only on the vowel contour.

*Thy consecrated bread to break,  
Taste thine immortal wine!*

#### XXVIII. Autumn / A

#### XXIX. Beclouded {P}

Sample P90-73 suggests an edit, visually *parties*.  
I follow the first print.

#### XXX. The Hemlock / A {P} {T}

Webster 1828 says that *satin spar* is selenite, fibrous lime stone, and *rathoffite* was the name for a mineral brought from Sweden. Browsing Webster 1828 for the word shape “spar” can help appreciate the poetry (other examples being *truth*, *true*, *grave*).

#### XXXI. There’s a Certain Slant of Light / A {P}

## TIME AND ETERNITY

### I. One Dignity Delays for All / A {P}

### II. Too Late {P} {S}

Sample P90-77 has the word shape “joy” in the place of the first print *glee*. The substitution might imply that a “loving” person could have pleasure in the “loved” one dying, and the poetry does not have such bias or word misuse. The Introduction tells about the phrase *glee and glory*.

I capitalize *Victory*, as the Latin word shape for it is “victoria”, the same as the queen’s given name. Fascicle copies F67A and P90-77 (F67B or J58) have the noun capitalized.

### III. Astra Castra / A

Sample P90-78 suggests edits, but the form *clouds leaning like ushers* and the vowel contour as *cancelled/ disperse* would not gain with the changes.

### IV. Safe in Their Alabaster Chambers

The Introduction tells about the “mechanical” error in sample F124B.

**V. On This Long Storm the  
Rainbow Rose / A {P}**

**VI. From the Chrysalis / A {G} {P}**

Sample P90-81 has suggestions for edit the first print does not integrate. The add-on word shape “implies” instead of “concede” would be tipping the balance towards interpreting “Meadows” for a proper noun. We may compare Peter Parley’s description of his visit to London, for the coronation of queen Victoria, it yet does not fit here contextually at all.<sup>18</sup> The only first print reference to the queen is in the poem *Too Late*.

For my happy shelf, I adjust the verb agreement, *meadows concede*.

**VII. Setting Sail / A {P}**

**VIII. Look Back on Time  
with Kindly Eyes / A**

**IX. A Train Went through a  
Burial Gate (No Image) {T}**

**X. I Died for Beauty {P}**

Fascicle copy and Johnson's print:

*And I — for Truth — **Themselves are One** —*

I stay with the first print:

*And I for truth, **the two are one**...*

**XI. Troubled about Many Things / A {P}**

**XII. Real**

There is no fascicle image from Emily Dickinson archive available. Johnson does not differ from the first print, in word content.

**XIII. The Funeral / A {P} {T}**

**XIV. I Went to Thank Her / A {P} {T}**

**XV. I've Seen a Dying Eye**

The manuscript copy has one inconsistent suggestion for edit, the word shape "somewhat" for the place of *something*.

**XVI. Refuge / A {G}**

For my happy shelf, I have the word shape "stuff" alone, rather than a phrase as *a stuff*: there was not, and there still is no such poetic use.

“Stuff” might have been used here the same as the word *something* happens to be today: before we think up a resolve on the shape of our written matter, we may write in “a sth”. The matter would have become a *fait accompli* over time.

### **XVII. I Never Saw a Moor {S}**

The first print:

*I never saw a moor,  
I never saw the sea;  
Yet know I how the heather looks,  
And what a **wave must be.***

Johnson: *And what a **Billow be.***

*I never spoke with God,  
Nor visited in heaven;  
Yet certain am I of the spot  
As if the **chart** were given.*

Johnson: *As if the **Checks** were given —*

Webster 1828 describes a **billow** as *a great wave or surge of the sea, occasioned usually by violent wind.* The dictionary compares the word shape “check”

for associations as a game of chess, or *growing old*, *blaming*, and *rebuking*, terms inconsistent with the poetic mood here.

The Webster's entry for *travel* does not have reference for *travelers checks*: American Express issued its papers first in 1891, the British spelling to remain *cheques*. I follow the first print.

#### **XVIII. Playmates / A**

#### **XIX. To Know Just How He Suffered / A**

The *conscious consciousness* brings on gradation or intensity, the noun to build on the adjective. It is not the lexemic repetitiveness as in the inserts, those maybe to misconstrue this device here.

#### **XX. The Last Night that She Lived {P}**

The fascicle and Johnson have an insert I believe, with the atypical verb phrase, antinomy, and transfer in grammatical person, as before.

*As **We** went out and in*

*Between **Her** final Room*

*And Rooms where **Those** to be alive*

*Tomorrow were, a **Blame**...*



The capitalized *Those* might suggest a pronoun.  
We can compare Love XVI, the *Apocalypse*:  
*I think that Earth seems so*  
*To **those** in Heaven now.*

Guilt is contradicted by jealousy:  
*Tomorrow were, a **Blame***  
*... A **Jealousy** for Her arose*  
*So nearly infinite —*

Regarding Emily Dickinson's style, rooms,  
and people, there is the *Suspense*, Love IV.  
*Elysium is as far as to*  
*The very nearest room,*  
*If **in that room** a friend await*  
*Felicity or doom.*

There also is *I Died for Beauty*, Time and  
Eternity X:  
*And so, as kinsmen met a night,*  
*We talked **between the rooms**...*

A phrase as *between a room*, in the singular,  
might suggest a curtain or screen and a healthcare  
context. Webster and Worcester differ in occurren-

ces for the word shapes “compartment” or “bay”.  
The first print correlates with Webster 1828.

Would Holmes senior have been an envious poet? He was a pioneering physician to recognize puerperal fever as a contagion. Another doctor, Ignaz Semmelweis, became ostracized for the same point. Holmes certainly had enemies, too.

Thomas Niles was the publisher, where and when the poem *Success* became changed in print. The change introduced contradiction or actually *aporia*, an idea contended by Aristotle: victory was to be defined in failure as undeniable as losing the flag to the royal purple enemy who wins. An *aporia* is a statement *impassable for a conclusion*.

Objectively, we yet can have only linguistic insight. Verb structures are a diagnostic.

... As we **went** out and in between Her final Room  
And Rooms **where** Those to be alive...

Emily Dickinson used antecedents for elliptic predicates; please compare the note for *The Chariot*.

**XXI. The First Lesson / A {P}**

XXII. The Bustle in a House / A {P} {T}

XXIII. I Reason, Earth Is Short / A

XXIV. Afraid? / A

XXV. Dying / A {P}

XXVI. Two Swimmers / A

XXVII. The Chariot {P}

The fascicle copy and Johnson:

*We passed the School, where Children **strove***

***At Recess** — in the Ring —*

*We passed the Fields of Gazing Grain —*

*We passed the Setting Sun —*

*Striving during leisure* is a contradiction, noted about *The Wind*, *Surrender*, and *The Last Night that She Lived*, for similar fragments.

A phrase as *we passed the setting sun* belongs well with imagery by a person of interest in astronomy. The pieces right next in the volume are *She Went as Quiet as the Dew*, and *Resurgam*. Johnson yet has a “correction” on the picture, where the first person singular “jumps into” the stanza with elliptic predication of no antecedent:

*Or rather — **He** passed Us — {3rd person}*

*The **Dews** drew quivering and chill — {3rd person}*

*For only Gossamer, **my** Gown — {about “me”}*

***My** Tippet — only Tulle — {about “me”}*

Emily Dickinson used verb antecedents for elliptic predicates, as in *The Bee*:

*His feet **are** shod with gauze,*

*His helmet **is** of gold; {antecedent}*

*His breast, a single onyx {the ellipsis “is”}*

*With chrysoprase, inlaid.*

Johnson:

*The Dews **drew** quivering and chill —*

*For only Gossamer, my Gown — {no verb}*

*My Tippet — only Tulle — {no verb}*

Repetitive phonemics remain characteristic of inserts:

*The **Dews drew** quivering and chill...*

Characteristically as well, word stress on vowel quality [e] in three consecutive line closures might incur phonological compensation in the fourth. We may compare *The Indian Summer*,

where we would have four consecutive lines of word stress on the vowel [ū].

*Since then — ’t is Centuries — and yet —*

*Feels shorter than the Day*

*I first surmised the Horses’ Heads*

*Were toward Eternity —*

The first print: *Since then ’t is centuries; but each...*

Finally, Johnson’s print includes a handwritten “mechanical” mistake, odd for an author to make in own text:

*We paused before a House that seemed*

*A Swelling **of the Ground** —*

*The Roof was scarcely visible —*

*The Cornice — **in the Ground.***

The first print: *The cornice **but a mound.***

## XXVIII. She Went As Quiet As the Dew {S}

There is no difference in word content, between the first print and manuscript copy, except the spelling *Leverrier*, which might have been a cus-

tomary assimilation in the time, supported by editors. Urbain Le Verrier was a French astronomer, renowned for having calculated the position of Neptune.

**XXIX. Resurgam / A {T}**

**XXX. Except to Heaven, She Is Nought / A**

**XXXI. Death Is a Dialogue**

The handwritten copy suggests the verb *to reason* for the verb *to argue*; the latter yet works well in the poetic metaphor for spontaneous behavior, and in text auditory reception.

**XXXII. It Was Too Late for Man**

The fascicle suggests replacing the phrase *our old neighbor* with *our new neighbor*, for God. Religion was not a new phenomenon in the times of Emily Dickinson, and I follow the first print.

**XXXIII. Along the Potomac {P}**

“Throughout the (civil) war, the river functioned largely as it always had — as an avenue for

transport”, we can read in *Encyclopedia Virginia* online.<sup>19</sup>

*Encyclopedia of Death and Dying* says, “These were not normal times for sure, so some families, particularly the more affluent families in the North, would do whatever they could to bring the body of a loved family member’s home, either by making the trip south on their own, or paying someone to locate, retrieve, and ship the body north”.<sup>20</sup>

The fascicle copy suggests the shape “ourself” for the phrase *I never*. My preference is the first print.

#### **XXXIV. The Daisy Follows Soft the Sun / A**

#### **XXXV. Emancipation {P} {T}**

Fascicle copy and Johnson’s print:

*Two Bodies — therefore be —*

*Bind one — **The Other fly** —*

I follow the first print, *Bind one, **and one will flee.***

#### **XXXVI. Lost / A**

XXXVII. If I Shouldn't Be Alive / A

XXXVIII. Sleep Is Supposed to Be / A {P}

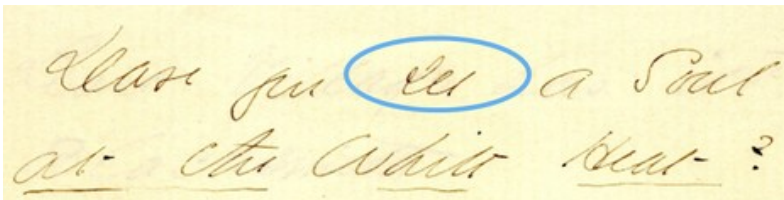
XXXIX. I Shall Know Why / A

XL. I Never Lost As Much but Twice / A



THE word *fascicle* comes from the Latin *fasciculus*, a small bundle. *Roman Antiquities*, a book by Alexander Adam from year 1872, page 191, tells about *Fascinus*, an inferior Roman deity to prevent fascination, which might have inspired the forgery fascicle form. Inserts, lacking the poet's license, would have been to deny her finesse.

Sample J365 alternate letter shapes *ſ* and *ℓ* are visually able to suggest that words as German *zu* or *zum* co-occur with the variant H “white ideal”. It would be naive for a phonological device. Character *z* serves spelling, to compare a word as basic as *information*, in German.





The poet was not an analphabet, and I truly believe many of the manuscripts are forgeries: maybe to suggest that Emily Dickinson was obsessed with the German-kindred queen, Victoria, which the poetry does not support, or that she had sibylline sympathies. I doubt this very much too.<sup>21</sup>

It is possible that Emily Dickinson's interest in Aristotle became known to her contemporaries, with the poet's self-education to allow her sovereign interpreting the written matter: the philosopher's extant text remains problematic in its form, and translations disagree also today.

Not only Aristotle was skeptical about oracles and prophets. Thomas Paine's *Age of Reason* is in the public domain today, and everyone may access. The time he lived, Paine was condemned. In Emily Dickinson's times as well, the work was widely disparaged. Counsel with Paine yet is not destined. When I first got hold of Aristotle, I had no idea Thomas Paine ever existed; the Greek will be an independent perseity to my mind.

*The world has always appeared to me perpetual (...); it is better to believe it without beginning or end.*  
— Thomas Taylor, *Collectanea*.

Thomas Taylor was a renowned translator of Aristotle's works in Emily Dickinson's times.  
*For a more explicit proof of the eternity of time and motion, see the 8th book of Aristotle's Physics, and the 12th book of his Metaphysics.*

Taylor, Thomas. 1806. *Collectanea*. London: C. Whittingham.

*Things perpetual — these are not in time, but in eternity.*

Taylor, Thomas. 1812. *A Dissertation on the Philosophy of Aristotle, in Four Books*. London: Robert Wilks.

Greek lexical items for Aristotle's *Physics* and Emily Dickinson's first print converge, beyond coincidence. It is enough to parse the philosopher's vocabulary, to tell. At **teresapelka.com**, my *Lexica* has parsing samples and Aristotle in Simple English; work is in progress.

## ENDNOTES

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<sup>1</sup> *Emily Dickinson, From Fascicle to Open Access*. Harvard University Press online, 2019: [hup.harvard.edu](http://hup.harvard.edu).

<sup>2</sup> McIntosh, Peggy. Hart, Ellen Louise. *Emily Dickinson*. Georgetown University online, 2019: [georgetown.edu](http://georgetown.edu).

Benfey, Christopher. 1999. *The Mystery of Emily Dickinson*, New York Review of Books online, 2019: [nybooks.com](http://nybooks.com).

<sup>3</sup> Emily Dickinson Archive: [edickinson.org](http://edickinson.org).

<sup>4</sup> Ridley, Jane. 2013. *Queen Victoria: the real story of her 'domestic bliss'*. BBC News online, 2015: [bbc.com](http://bbc.com).

<sup>5</sup> *Collections and Finding Aids, Emily Dickinson at Amherst College*. Amherst College online, 2019: [amherst.edu](http://amherst.edu).

<sup>6</sup> Hall, John, ed. 1823. *On Writing, Arithmetic, and the Mathematics*. The Port folio, pages 302-308.

<sup>7</sup> Dickinson, Emily. 1890. Poems. Internet Archive

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online, 2019: [archive.org](https://archive.org).

<sup>8</sup> Houghton 72S-700. *A Masque of Poets, Success*. Emily Dickinson Archive online.

<sup>9</sup> Sewall, Richard B. 2003. *The Life of Emily Dickinson*. Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press. ISBN 0-674-53080-2.

<sup>10</sup> William Jones, a fellow of The Royal Society of London for Improving Natural Knowledge.

<sup>11</sup> Perseus word study tool online:  
[perseus.tufts.edu/hopper](https://perseus.tufts.edu/hopper).

<sup>12</sup> Ast, Rodney. 2014. *Kevin W. Wilkinson, New Epigrams of Palladas, A Review*. Bryn Mawr Classical Review online, BMCR 2014.02.23 on the BMCR blog, 2015: [bmcr.brynmawr.edu](https://bmcr.brynmawr.edu).

<sup>13</sup> Kornfeld, Susan. 2012. *Doubt Me! My Dim Companion! The prowling Bee* online:  
[bloggingdickinson.blogspot.com](https://bloggingdickinson.blogspot.com).

<sup>14</sup> Parton, James. 1873. *The Presidential Election of 1800*. The Atlantic Archive online:  
[www.theatlantic.com; parton.htm](https://www.theatlantic.com/parton.htm).

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<sup>15</sup> Higginson, Thomas Wentworth. 1891. *Mr. Higginson, — Are you too deeply occupied to say if my verse is alive?* The Atlantic Archive online: [www.theatlantic.com](http://www.theatlantic.com); 306524.

<sup>16</sup> Crompton, John. Baker, John Sellon (ed). 1798. *The Practice of the Courts of King's Bench and Common Pleas*. London: A. Strahan.

<sup>17</sup> Emerson, Ralph Waldo. 1849. *Nature; Addresses and Lectures*. Boston: J. Munroe.

<sup>18</sup> Parley, Peter. 1838. *Visit to London*. London: Charles Tilt.

<sup>19</sup> Wongsrichanalai, Kanisorn. *Potomac River during the Civil War*. Encyclopedia Virginia; Virginia Foundation for the Humanities, 27 Oct. 2015. Web. 31 Mar. 2019.

<sup>20</sup> Laderman, Gary M. *Civil War, US; Death and Dying*. Encyclopedia of Death and Dying online: [www.deathreference.com](http://www.deathreference.com).

<sup>21</sup> Regarding variance in letter shapes (s), Houghton sample F313A has the letter (s) so similar to

(z), that the Archive transcriber typed in “teazing” rather than “teasing”, edickinson.org.



Too vague - the face -  
 My own - so patient - covets -  
 Too far - the strength -  
 My timidness enfolds -  
 Haunting the Heart -  
 Like her translated faces -  
 Teazing the want -  
 It - only - can suffice!

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The sample has three features characteristic of inserts: shift in person reference (*her translated faces*), elliptic predication of no antecedent (*too vague — the face, too far — the strength*), and lexemic repetitiveness as *guess guessing*.

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The content “recycles” the poem *Surrender*, with words as *dim*, *timid*, or the phrase *far sake* for *distant heaven*. The shape “𐄂” and the phrase *translated faces* might suggest queen Victoria, in correlate with Thomas Paine. His *Common Sense* tells about *the strength of one man*: it does not equal his wants. Paine refuted the idea of building strength on unity between England and the USA. The phrase *the home of the brave* was widely known in Emily Dickinson’s times, from the song about Fort McHenry, *The Star Spangled Banner*.

Generally, the inserts for the first print could have been to make ground for presenting entire pieces under Emily Dickinson’s name. Content recycling would have been to give the impression the “bits” had something of the author, familiar to the reader. F313A looks a forgery, entire.

The style lacks appeal: verbless wooing at a man (and probably a soldier: *brave eyes, far away*), would plod into alluding to another woman and “teasing the want”. The “train of thought” is not attractive, even for a casual message.

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It will have to remain a speculation, whether the poet might have independently written up a translation of Aristotle. Emily Dickinson's sister burned her notes, upon her request.

*Her Final Summer Was It* has similar recycling, even vulgar in mood:

*When duller than our dullness*

*The Busy Darling lay...*

To imagine the text in sound, it would be a “drunk Everyman” rather than the poet in *Troubled about many things*, or *The Last Night that She Lived*.

The method Emily Dickinson herself used to create — morphophonemic inspiration, correlate with Webster and Aristotle's works — would let one write for a thousand years if not longer, without repeating oneself.

If her skill was taken for supernatural, the world may never have seen her original handwriting, for prevention of a direct effect or influence, I guess.

Mabel Loomis Todd did purport belief in “powers” and “witches”. Her paper, *Witchcraft in*



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*New England*, quotes *I Had No Time to Hate* in context with suspects, though there was no way to claim they did not hate the injurious persecutions as well as the persecutors.

*About the opening of the Christian era we can trace outlines of the more modern witchcraft beliefs. The early observations of nature in the East had seemed to show that **two great powers** were in command over the world, and continually warring. The two mighty antagonists **used men as puppets** and played with and upon them.*

*Even Christianity allowed that perhaps the devil was the head, and that it was possible for persons to join him for the overthrow of the church. In this belief lay the kernel of all subsequent action upon the **crime of witchcraft**, she wrote.*

Altering a manuscript would not have been anything vile to her recognition. For torture and burning, she stated that some victims were witches.

*One inquisitor, or so called judge, Regius, condemned and **burned** over nine hundred (...). He practiced **the most awful tortures**, remarking that*

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*otherwise he could not get them to confess. **Most intelligent** persons believed that witches communicated with Satan. Most of the sufferers were **innocent**, but some were **undoubtedly evil**, and knew they had been imposing on the world.*

In her concluding paragraphs she added, *I never see the splendid sunsets burning behind Witch Hill in Salem without a quicker breathing.* This is where she brought in *I Had No Time to Hate*.

Belief in witchcraft hardly ever was real. The real thing was envy or rivalry, for money and other matters. Emily Dickinson does not look a believer of the “witching” nonsense. With her, spells are linguistic spelling and a mild sense of humor:

*The murmur of a bee*

*A witchcraft yieldeth me... (Why?)*

As described on the poetic inspiration, the Greek sweepings, κόρημα, is in chunk with ρημα, independently to mean a *word*, *saying*, or *that which is said*, *spoken*. A corresponding “brooming” word in Latin, *everriculum*, shares with *deverbero*, thrashing or lashing, and *verbum*, a word. No devil.

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Regarding sibylline empathies, the Great Seal has happened to be explained with the use of Virgil's sibylline stanzas, which do have the words *novus*, *ordo*, and *seclorum*, but *Out of one, many*, tells the sibyl, and *Out of many, one*, says the Seal.

One can pronounce (tseptis) for the *cæptis*, and the letter shape (ꝛ) may stand for the sound [ts] in German, but F313A would be the strangest in the world, for a treatment on country insignia.

Importantly, Virgil wrote for Octavian Augustus, who had Cicero proscribed and executed. The Framers might have used the poetry to learn Latin; but would they have followed Virgil for the Seal? Cicero was inspiration to the American republican. Feel welcome to read *A New People* and *The Latin demeanor*, at **teresapelka.com**.

I absolutely do not want to diminish the scope of Emily Dickinson's works, and my pursuit for her poetry ends here. I prefer to work on Aristotle alone, and the first print is enough for my semantic field exercises with *Travel in Grammar*, **travelinggrammar.com**. Welcome.

